

# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES  
VOLUME XXXIX.

No. 3327 April 11, 1908.

FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. COLVII.

## CONTENTS

I. Religion in Literature	EDINBURGH REVIEW	67
II. A Woman's Plea Against Woman Suffrage. By Edith M. Massie.	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	84
III. The Power of the Keys. Chapter II. A Secret Agent. By Sydney C. Grier. (To be continued)		88
IV. Memories of London in the Forties. I. By David Masson	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	95
V. The Charm of French Verse. By Edward Wright	CONTEMPORARY REVIEW	102
VI. The Character of the Anglo-Saxon. By Havelock Ellis	INDEPENDENT REVIEW	107
VII. The Second Degree. By "Ole Luk-Oie." (Concluded)	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE	110
VIII. Germany's Naval Expansion	OUTLOOK	117
IX. Studies in National Degeneration	NATURE	120
X. The Olympic Games	SPECTATOR	123
XI. An Open-Minded Beggar	PUNCH	125
A PAGE OF VERSE		
XII. Ballad of the Younger Son. By W. Barradell-Smith.	SPECTATOR	66
XIII. A Royalist in Spring-time. By W. J. Cameron	NATION	66
BOOKS AND AUTHORS		126



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE CO.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

**BALLAD OF THE YOUNGER SON.**

My brother is in goodly case,  
 Far goodlier than I:  
 He hath a mansion to his name—  
 My roof-tree is the sky.  
 To him, a hundred willing knaves  
 That serve his belly-need—  
 To me, a page for my forage,—  
 A lad-of humble breed.

Within my brother's stalls there stand  
 Of horses full five-score:  
 A single steed is all my meed,  
 Allike for peace and war.  
 To quench my brother's thirst (good  
 lack!)  
 Three nations send their wine—  
 I may not drain of France or Spain,  
 Old Adam's drink is mine.

A-many miles of pregnant tilth  
 He holds beneath his hand:  
 To me, I wis, not even is  
 One little ell of land.  
 That he may go dry-shod, great lords  
 Walk meekly in the mire:—  
 I am well sped to have the dread  
 Of but one poor esquire.

Yet, in good sooth, I have no ruth  
 For mine own poverty:  
 I envy not a whit or jot  
 All that he betters me.  
 He lies as soft as any King—  
 I couch as chance decrees;  
 So that I sleep I do not grudge  
 A tittle of his ease.

My brother hath a thousand cares  
 That rack him day by day;  
 And he is spent with management  
 Of all his fine array.  
 But I am free, as bird is free,  
 To do my fondest will:  
 I would not 'bate my fair estate  
 To have my brother's ill.

He longs, perchance, to ride abroad—  
 A hundred footmen straight  
 Make ready gear, and do appear  
 Before him in the gate:  
 For seven-and-twenty weary months  
 Hath never been alone!—  
 God! that a man or woman can  
 Be found to take a throne!

For me, the friendly silent stars  
 Yield all that I require;  
 Their twinkling conversation joins  
 Exact with my desire.  
 No other froward tongue doth wag,  
 Unchecked within my tent;  
 The moon doth teach a wiser speech  
 And saner argument.

My brother hath a clerk his craft,  
 And college-learning rare:  
 No scholar I—my books do lie  
 Nowhither and nowhere.  
 And yet, meseems, my idle dreams  
 (As through the world I pass)  
 Dimly reflect eternal truths  
 As in a looking glass.

My brother hath a thousand things—  
 I hold the earth in fee:  
 And who will dare now to declare  
 My brother betters me?  
 My brother hath, but never hath—  
 I have, and shall have still:  
 The Younger Son is Elder Son—  
 The cup is his to fill.

*W. Barradell-Smith.*

*The Spectator,*

**A ROYALIST IN SPRING-TIME.**

Late our land submissive lay,  
 Hushed and silent, sorrow-wise,  
 'Neath the old Protector's sway,  
 Winter, with his grim allies.

Roundhead Winter's rule is o'er;  
 Overseas in haste he's hieing:  
 Steps a Prince upon our shore,  
 Drums a-beat and standards flying.

Exiled in the south afar,  
 Ripe he comes for royal daring;  
 Blue and gold his colors are,  
 Sky and sun at once declaring.

Bough and brake for waving plume;  
 Song-birds for his courtly train;  
 Light and sound, and bud and bloom—  
 So the King comes home again.

Roundhead Winter's rule is o'er;  
 None, oh Spring, thy claim resist.  
 Now the King has come once more.  
 Every man's a Royalist.

*W. J. Cameron.*

*The Nation.*

# RELIGION IN LITERATURE.\*

If a man were asked for an example of a literature, not of a distinctly devotional cast, nor yet to be numbered among what we understand by sacred writings, wherein religious influence was most conspicuous, whither would he turn? Almost without hesitation to the Greek drama in its prime, the drama of Æschylus and Sophocles. It is true that this seems but a small body of writing to choose for a type. The plays of these two dramatists which have come down to us form but some seven per cent. of their entire achievement. Yet are the character and standpoint of the authors so clearly revealed to us by their extant work, that it is impossible to believe that if we had the remaining ninety-three per cent. our estimate would be substantially different. Our knowledge would be enlarged, but our judgment unaltered. When, however, we come to the younger dramatist, Euripides, the condition of things has already changed. For as thought advances by centuries in other lands, it advances by decades in Greece.

In marked contrast to the best of Greek drama stands in this particular the only theatre which compares with it in merit, compares with or even surpasses it, our own Elizabethan stage. There is nothing irreligious in Shakespeare, who for most readers represents Elizabethan drama. But it would be difficult to maintain that there was any decided religious element in Shake-

speare. That which best displays its absence is that the author is never embarrassed, in such appeals as his characters make to the heavenly powers, by the question whether they live in Christian or heathen times. It may be urged that Shakespeare never considered historic setting. But on some occasions—in the classical plays, for instance—he could not ignore the difference between the Pagan and the Christian creeds. As a fact, a general appeal to "heaven" does duty in one kind of play almost as well as in another. Now and then the action on the drama of the supernal powers may be recognized in such vague terms as Edgar uses in "Lear":

The Gods are just, and of our pleasant  
vices  
Make instruments to plague us.

But—and it would be an affectation not to recognize it—the plot would in almost every instance work out just as well were there heavenly powers or were there none. It is with the Shakespearean plays as it is with the average novel. In one play by a lesser Elizabethan (of which we shall speak in its due place) we come to something which more nearly reminds us of the attitude of the Greek dramatists: and that is enough to show that the contrast between the two theatres is not wholly explained by differences in origin and tradition. In a large number of Shake-

\* 1. "The Tragedies of Æschylus." Edited by F. A. Paley. Fourth Edition. (Bibliotheca Classica.) London: Whittaker & Co., 1887.

2. "Sophocles: The Plays and Fragments." Edited by R. C. Jebb. Third Edition. Cambridge University Press, 1893.

3. "The Tragedy of Dr. Faustus." By Christopher Marlowe. (Old English Plays. Vol. I.) London: John Martyn, 1814.

4. "The Works of Shakespeare." Edited by W. G. Clark and W. Aldis Wright. (The Cambridge Shakespeare.) London and Cambridge: Macmillans, 1862.

5. "Faust": eine Tragödie, von J. Wolfgang v. Goethe. 2 The. Edited by G. von Löper. (Hempell's Edition of the Works of Goethe. Vols. XII., XIII.) Berlin, 1870.

6. "The Powers of Darkness" By Count Leo Tolstol Translated by Louise and Aylmer Maude. (Printed.)

7. "John Inglesant." By J. H. Shorthouse. New Edition. London: Macmillan & Co., 1903.

8. "Il Santo." By Antonio Fogazzaro. Milano: Baldini, 1906.

[And other works.]

Shakespeare's contemporaries a more distinctly negative attitude is to be detected than in Shakespeare—something intentionally irreligious or non-religious: atheistic is too strong a word.

The external reasons for the difference which we find in the matter of religion between, say, Sophocles and Shakespeare are obvious enough; and they have often been dwelt on: the distinctly religious character of Greek drama and especially of its tragedy, whereas modern drama descends much rather from the ancient comic stage than the tragic. Such questions of cause and of tradition lie outside our purpose, which is not to inquire why or how such and such literatures are permeated by religious influences, why others are not (such questions would involve matters of polemic), but only to examine the traits and characteristics of the religious element in literature when it presents itself.

One difficulty, however, meets us at the outset. To a Greek, to an Athenian who watched the performances in the theatre of Dionysus, neither Æschylus nor Sophocles would have been counted as an especially "religious" writer. *That* would have appeared much more Homer and Hesiod; for their writings formed a sort of sacred books. This difference of view belongs to the difference between those who look upon a creed in some measure from outside, and those who look on it wholly from within; for to these last tradition, ceremonies, and what we may call "the sense of the supernatural" appear all one. Homer and Hesiod tell the history of the gods, their relations to one another and to man, as it might be matter for instruction. Now for our purposes we shall not take the essential of religion in literature to lie in the repetition of any sacred history, so much as in "the sense of the supernatural" which is kept alive in the minds of the

writer and of his audience. Controversy or concentration on immediate surroundings has engendered some rather fantastic definitions of the word "religion," which has been named now "a sense of the unknowable," now "morality touched by emotion." But surely the *idea* of supernal powers is easy to grasp—of powers greater than human, greater in mere physical might or in moral gifts or in a combination of both; it seems, too, pretty obvious that a sense of the existence of such powers is to be traced in literature as elsewhere; and that nothing better than such a "sense" deserves and corresponds to the term "religion."

In a recent paper on the religion of the Romans contributed to the "Hibbert Journal,"<sup>1</sup> Mr. Warde Fowler has drawn attention to the difference in meaning between the Latin *religio* and the Latin *sacrum* (*sacer*). *Religio*, the writer says, always signifies a feeling—the sense of a supernatural or, say, at the lowest, a non-human power. The awe or fear which seized upon the early Roman settlers in Latium when they penetrated the dark and woody regions of that yet unknown land, a land under the protection of strange gods, and carved for themselves clearings out of the waste—this was essentially *religio*.<sup>2</sup> But when these gods had been placated and had been taken into the community and made a kind of citizens themselves, everything which touched their worship touched likewise the dignity of the State. That was *sacrum*, no longer chiefly a matter of feeling but of law. The teachings of Homer and

<sup>1</sup> "Religion and Citizenship in Early Rome." "Hibbert Journal." July, 1907.

<sup>2</sup> The picture which Mr. Fowler draws of these first Latin immigrants into Italy, and of the country which they found, recalls Tacitus's famous description of our German forefathers, of their dark and swampy country and of their religious awe before their groves, the "secret presence" (*secretum illud*) they felt there, discerned by the eye of faith alone—*quod sola reverentia vident*.



Hesiod belong much rather to the second point of view. For when Æschylus and Sophocles wrote, Homer and Hesiod were already antique and sacred books; and their "religio" is not absolutely that of the fifth century; though there is in the first plenty of "religio" likewise, an abundant sense of divine presence and divine providence, expressed in passages which would not disgrace the beliefs of any people or any age. Such is Glaucus's prayer to Apollo: "Hear me, O King who art somewhere in the rich plains of Lycia or of Troy, for everywhere canst thou hear a man in sorrow such as my sorrow is."<sup>3</sup>

Yet there is about the action of the gods in Homer too little mystery to satisfy the religious sense of an Athenian at the date of our dramatists. All seems too natural and aboveboard. The gods are in character so like to men, that changes of fortune for mortals come rather from the limited powers of the divinities, or from their disputes among themselves. Zeus overrules; but not often by an act of individual will; he holds the scales of destiny to see whose fortune will kick the beam. The Greek drama therefore has in it more of religion than Homer in this sense, that it has more of the immanence and imminence of the supernatural.

The ceremonial origin of Greek tragedy is not a supremely important factor in its religiousness. First because that "ceremonial origin" means rather a satyric dance with chorus and chorus-leader than what we know as tragedy.\* And secondly because, though the theatre at Athens was likewise a temple of Dionysus, it is only in a very few of the Greek tragedies that Dionysus or Dionysus's legend plays any part, whereas the cultus of Apollo is almost

always conspicuous. The tragedy we know is in fact no longer distinctively ceremonial; it is "literary" in the truest sense of the word, meant indeed to move "through pity and terror," in Aristotle's famous phrase; but meant too to interest, and in the same sort of way that fiction and drama interest us—as in truth were the miracle plays of the middle ages and certainly the moralities—by the plot, by the suspension of the *dénouement*, the counter-action of men's characters; by, in a word, all the well-accredited tricks of the trade which must be understood and acted on in their fashion by the writers of detective stories or of melodrama, if they are to reach their public, as by the masters of fiction. Only because their religiosity is mingled with their "literature" do these plays come within our purview here.

The religiosity of the Greek drama lies much more in the whole atmosphere surrounding it than in the intention of any particular writer. It is in this wise conspicuously different from, say, the religious novel of modern days, from (to take an example which is in most men's minds) "Il Santo" of Fogazzaro. Some of the plays are plays with a purpose—Æschylus's trilogy the "Oresteia" has generally been recognized as such; but the purpose is to give a divine sanction to some disputable thing, never to preach abstractedly the idea of religion. The gods, in fact, are always assumed first of all. It would be far harder to prove that the dramas were always written to exalt the gods. Æschylus was accused of impiety; it was indeed rather impiety against the "sacrum" than against "religio," because he had introduced the "unnamed ones," the Erinyes, upon the boards. He would from our point of view have deserved the charge much more for his "Prometheus." For here Zeus appears not so much the king as the tyrant of heaven; nay, as a tyrant

<sup>3</sup> "Iliad," xvi. 514-6.

\* The etymology of tragedy (from *τράγος*, a goat) is a sufficient reminder of the fact.

whose rule is not eternal. And all our sympathies are with the "friend of man" Prometheus, who is tortured for his humanity. It is true, we know but one-third of the whole; had we the rest of the trilogy, the Olympians might show in a more amiable light; for Zeus did at last (according to one version of the myth) send his son to unbind the fire-bringer. Sophocles again is generally reckoned eminently "pious." Yet what are we to make of that play (the "*Trachiniæ*") which tells of the last agonies of the son of Zeus, Heracles, son of a god, forsaken, as it would seem, of his father; and of the words which almost close the scene, the words of Hyllus, Heracles' son, when he cries out that things, that the ways of the world, are indeed wretched for mortals but for the gods a disgrace?

In the "*Ajax*" our author seems to be as much on the side of the martyr, and so by inference against the higher powers, as is Æschylus in the "*Prometheus*." But for good or evil Athene prevails. "Seest thou how great is the strength of the gods?"

We must take in again the literary influence as a disturbing one. Nothing to a modern mind makes more difficult the task of determining what like was the Greek Providence, than the hugely important part which the Delphic oracle plays in most of these dramas; because it never seems clear whether the oracle is registering the inexorable decree of fate, or whether it issues commands which may be obeyed or disobeyed. Apollo does himself say in one play (the "*Eumenides*") that every word of his oracle is but the command of Zeus. But there are other pieces—all those of Sophocles, for instance, which concern "*Thebes' line*"—where misfortunes are indeed prophesied by Apollo, but they rain down alike on the just and unjust. Some of these effects we are justified in laying to the

score of literature. Nothing could lend itself more excellently to a "plot," especially the kind of plot which the Greeks liked, than the history of the gradual fulfilment of one of these oracles, in defiance of all the seeming contrary action of the characters. We know from Aristotle how highly this conflict—the irony of the situation—was appreciated by an Athenian public. The supreme example of it—the supreme example of art in drama—was reckoned the "*Œdipus Rex*" of Sophocles, which opens with the second plague that has come upon Thebes (the Sphinx being the first) and the message received from Delphi that it will not be stayed till the death of Laius the former king has been avenged. What the audience knows and Œdipus knows not is that he is himself the son of this Laius; that he had as a child been exposed and brought up elsewhere, had killed Laius (not knowing who he was nor yet meaning to slay) in a chance encounter; how, soon after coming to Thebes as a stranger, he had freed the city from its first terror by guessing the riddle of the Sphinx, had been elected to the vacant throne, and, all unconscious, had married Iocaste, the late king's widow, his own mother. All this the audience knows; one part of this the hero and victim of the plot dreams not of; that part has by slow steps to be revealed to him, first by Teiresias, the blind seer-king, whom Œdipus had sent for; he speaks unwillingly and in ambiguous words; and Œdipus detects only some plot between him and Creon. Anon a messenger comes from Corinth to say that Œdipus's putative father, the king of Corinth, is dead, and as it would seem to relieve him of the weight of terror that hung over him always. For another oracle had foretold to Œdipus long ago that he would do precisely what he did, namely, would kill his father and marry his mother. At last

by a strange chain of circumstance, by the meeting of this messenger from Corinth, the very man who received *Œdipus* as a child, with the very shepherd who had been commissioned to expose him, all is made plain; the most heart-rending of tragedies is completed, when *Iocaste* goes into the palace and hangs herself, and *Œdipus* puts out his own eyes, praying men to banish him from the city.

Here is indeed a tale of horrors. Here is enough of fear and pity to furnish forth a legion of tragedies: here, too—to descend to earth—is just the kind of suspense of interest which a *Gaboriau* knows how to handle, or any skilled writer of sensational novels. In fact the dialogue between the Corinthian messenger and the Theban shepherd has its close parallels in the cross-examinations of the “trial scene” without which no sensational novel is complete. Now in an early state of society all audiences have in them a spice of cruelty. Though the Roman amphitheatre was a horror to the Greeks, one need not doubt that the public at a Greek theatre got a pleasure which was by no means “purification,” in watching how Fate or the gods played with mortals as a cat plays with a mouse.

“But what room is there for ‘religion’ here?” it might be asked. Not much, no doubt, if we judge only by the thoughts of our time. Because beneficence not less than power is for us an attribute of the divine. But it would be absurd to suppose that the primary idea of a supernal being was the idea of beneficence. It was first of all the idea of power; and in the idea of power neither of the plays which we have cited, “*Prometheus*” or “*Œdipus Rex*,” is deficient; in neither is the supreme might of the gods called in question. Nor are the gods themselves ever left out of mind. In how many Greek dramas do we begin with an invocation

or a religious rite! In this one, “*Œdipus Rex*,” in the “*Choephori*” of *Æschylus*, and in the “*Eumenides*” too.

There are other plays which show the gods in a much more human, more amiable light. It would be impossible to examine the plots of all. Let us take two in which religion and patriotism are ingeniously interwoven, two plays by different authors, the “*Eumenides*” of *Æschylus*, the “*Œdipus Coloneus*” of *Sophocles*, plays not at first sight connected, and yet connected in a curious and interesting way.

Every one knows generally the plot of that sequence of plays by *Æschylus* whereof the “*Agamemnon*” is the first; that the first of the trilogy tells of the home-coming of the king of men from Troy, the fears of those guilty lovers, *Clytemnestra* and *Ægisthus*; of how the king is entrapped and slain (in his bath) by the queen. Then how in the “*Choephori*,” the second of the series, the hero is *Orestes*, the son, who after long years has been sent by *Apollo* to avenge *Agamemnon*’s death, not on *Ægisthus* alone, but on *Orestes*’ own mother, *Clytemnestra*. *Orestes* slays them both. Then opens the third of the trilogy, the “*Eumenides*,” in the temple of *Apollo* at Delphi, where *Orestes* has taken refuge, having been pursued thither by the avengers, the daughters of Night, the *Erinyes*. The *Erinyes* pursue *Orestes* to Athens; and he seeks safety once more at the shrine of *Athene*. *Athene* herself will not judge the case. But she appoints the court of the *Areopagus*, the august “upper house” of Athens, to be judges. *Apollo* pleads for the prisoner, the *Erinyes* plead for vengeance on the matricide; the court is divided; but *Athene* gives the casting vote for *Orestes*. And then she sets herself to the task of soothing the anger of the *Furies*, who henceforth become the *Eu-*

menides, the well-disposed, the tutelary goddesses of Athenian ground.

It is to their grove that in "Œdipus Coloneus" the blind Œdipus comes, led by his daughter, Antigone. Œdipus, like Lear, has been maddened by his sufferings; now he is resigned. The chorus chant to him the most beautiful (perhaps) of all Greek chorus-chants in praise of the land to which he had come and of the grove sacred to those very beings who had expressed all the fury of vengeance and despair—

a binding of souls, a lyreless chant, a dread to mortals.

Such had they been, who are now the kind and tutelary though still awful goddesses of the place. And in the same spirit Œdipus's despair has softened down into the hope of finding a grave in Attica—no more. When Theseus, king of Athens, comes and protects Œdipus against those who would hale him back to Thebes, Œdipus invokes the blessing of Zeus on his protector; and against his son Polynices, who had driven him into exile, he appeals to the "ancient goddess Justice, whose seat is by the throne of Zeus"; while the chorus, and as it were with confidence, call on Zeus and Athene and Artemis to sustain the just cause of Athens against the Thebans. Therefore is it clear that not all Œdipus's troubles nor the knowledge of them has shaken the belief in Providence of the king or of the chorus of old Athenian men. The last scene of the play is the most impressive possible. None but Theseus—not even Œdipus's daughters—is to know where the wanderer's body has its last home. So Œdipus and Theseus go apart. A messenger reports the end:

After we had gone a little way apart we turned round, and we saw that the other had disappeared; and our king had his hand before his eyes as before something terrible that his sight could

not endure. And anon we saw him bow down and prostrate himself, paying vows to earth and to Olympus the home of the gods.

What shall we say, then, to these things? Is Œdipus's philosophy the philosophy of the Book of Job—that one of all the Hebrew scriptures which is the most like to a Greek play—wherein the outcome of all disputation seems to be that it is useless arguing with the powers of heaven, who, after all, are there and are supreme? A pusillanimous conclusion it would appear to many minds. But the effect of it is certainly not pusillanimous nor mean. Œdipus rises far above Lear in dignity, though not in pity; just because his troubles come from the decrees of the gods or from fate: and he reconciles himself even to them in the end. So do all the characters—almost all. Even Heracles seems to, when he prays that his funeral fire may be lighted before agony unseal his lips once more; but Heracles' dignity and resignation are far less great than Antigone's. "Firmness of purpose," says Hazlitt, "and calmness of sentiment are the leading characteristics of the heroes and heroines of Greek drama. They act and suffer as if they were always in the presence of a higher power; or as if human life itself were a religious ceremony performed in honor of the gods and of the State."

And if we look on these religious "experiences" of Greek drama less subjectively, then we see that in the transformation (for example) of the Erinyes to the Eumenides we have almost precisely the change which Wordsworth describes at the end of his "Ode to Duty":

Stern lawgiver! yet thou dost wear  
The Godhead's most benignant grace

—a truth, no doubt, to the Greek conscience only half revealed and half concealed.

"Apollo" and Athene appear in Æschylus's play more than in any other the friends of humankind. The Erinyes taunt them as the "young gods." So that we have here somewhat of the notion of a New Dispensation, whereby the terrors of the Law are relaxed. But Athene at least speaks with no disrespect of the old. The Furies are "the ancient wisdom"—*παλαισφροσύνη*. Yet if belief thus advanced from its old austerity, and *φόβος* became more of awe and less of simple dread, they did not advance quick enough for the thought of the succeeding age. Thus it is that the religious drama in its purity dies with Sophocles. Humanitarianism drives it out.

For it is but a narrow view of things that will assert that religion and humanity are naturally allied. The contrary rather; even as the cult of the ideal makes men naturally impatient of the actual; though there may be a realistic art which is also idealist. It is for this reason and not from mere self-interest (as is supposed) that the aristocratic party in any State is found to be the upholder of religion. Because an aristocracy is necessarily somewhat idealist also. To Euripides it fell to illustrate the natural antagonism 'twixt religion and humanitarianism; he himself was by nature a pessimist with a most tender heart. His instincts were those of the democracy. And the clubmen of the type of Aristophanes hated him as bitterly as they hated democracy. They hated Socrates, too, who on his side never attended the theatre save when a play of Euripides took the stage.

All that was said a few pages back of the artistic side of the Greek dramas serves to suggest the distinction which lies between all drama and all fiction on the one hand, both of which presuppose an audience, and an audience which has

claims, and such literature as is purely personal. Devotional literature is excluded from our purview. But there remains the literature which may be called didactic, that assumes a quite different attitude of the author towards his public. A good deal of Wordsworth's poetry is of this kind. In the case of the "Ode to Duty," a critic might hesitate whether to call it devotional or didactic. Very largely didactic too is a body of literature of the highest rank which is also narrative. But the narrative and the didactic elements seem to stand apart never fused; and it is in the didactic parts that religious influence is seen. Such is the greatest constructed epic which the world has seen, the "Æneid"; such in varying degrees are the two epics more directly modelled on the "Æneid," the "Gerusalemme Liberata" and "Paradise Lost." Such is a poem—not epic but half narrative—which stands apart from all these three—superior to all three—the "Divina Commedia." The difference between the religious element in Homer and the same in Virgil is very noticeable. Where the direct action of the gods occurs in the "Æneid" we recognize it as mere imitation and are quite unconvinced. But all through the "Æneid" we are conscious of a purpose behind the mere narrative, a didactic purpose which is also intensely religious. It permeates our minds almost unconsciously, and only when we have come to the end of the poem we realize how earnest has been our author, while recalling those later Romans of his time to the greatness and to all the countless troubles of their origin—"per tot discrimina rerum"—to ground the patriotism which he evokes on the basis of religion. As M. Boissier notes, the "Æneid" is not so much the history of the planting of the Roman people in Italy (with which, in fact, Æneas had nought to do) as of the transplanting



thither of their ancient gods.<sup>5</sup> Æneas is the ideal of the religious man, not less "pious" in his relation to heaven than to his own kin, ready at once to sacrifice his love and ease when the word comes from Jove. In neither Tasso's nor Milton's poem is the same result so effectively achieved; though it is sought in both (for it is no common arms but the "religious arms" of the crusaders that the former sings), and in "Paradise Lost" it is much more evidently proposed. Of Dante's work it is needless to speak. It stands quite alone, the most religious of all works of literature and the most literary of all works of religion.

And as, passing rather outside the limits of our scheme, we have come down to Milton, it may be well to glance for a moment at those almost contemporaries of his, that band of religious lyrists who sang such individual strains in the days of Charles I. Of their poetry that which is strictly religious is devotional also; and therefore would be excluded from our study. But they wrote much which was amorous likewise, and sometimes in their devotional poetry they mixed up a strain so like that of earthly love that their production has a character apart. They are indeed a race of belated troubadours. This is their general character. But they are by no means alike in their production. We may place Donne at the head of that fraternity. He, though in his secular verse one of the most sensuous, is in his religious numbers one of the most devotional, and the simplest and finest in his devotion. But Crashaw, with a chaster muse, is much more fantastical.

<sup>5</sup> "Le dessein [de l'*Enéide*] n'a pas toujours été bien compris: il est pourtant facile à le saisir. Il suffit de réfléchir un moment pour reconnaître que le sujet de l'*Enéide* ne pouvait pas être l'arrivée en Italie et le triomphe d'une race étrangère, mais seulement l'introduction de quelques dieux nouveaux."—G. Belsnier, "La Religion Romaine d'Auguste aux Antonins," vol. I. p. 234.

Even the saintly Herbert runs to fantasy. Herrick keeps a high artistry in both kinds; but is certainly less inspired in his religious verse. It skills not to dwell at length upon all the types of literature at which we have been glancing in this section; but, in order to keep our inquiry within some bounds, to undertake a more fruitful comparison between the Greek drama and our great drama of the Elizabethan age.

It is a very obvious, though not impertinent, reflection that our modern drama or fiction, so far as descent goes, draws its marrow much more from Greek comedy than Greek tragedy. Modern fiction does so very evidently. For all our novels of character and manners are more or less derived from one great archetype—"Don Quixote." And the foundation of "Don Quixote"—howsoever noble and varied the structure which Cervantes raised thereon, the foundation is certainly what may be called Pantagruelism, that admixture of satire and horseplay which Rabelais derived from the Roman scene, as it from the Greek. At either end of the chain stand two men of high genius and wide-reaching influence, Aristophanes and Cervantes; and lesser men form the links between them. In that the Elizabethan drama was very obviously meant essentially to interest and amuse, it is first cousin to this fiction, and in all this far remote from Greek drama. We realize this best when after looking at the motley display of intellectual wares preserved in Henslowe's "Diary"—comedy, tragedy, farce elbowing one another and all at the choice of this ignorant manager who spells Caesar "Seaser"—we let our minds go back to the ceremonies which attended the performance of a Greek tragedy, the sacrifices which preceded it, the oath which the archon administered to the judges who were to award



the prize. Yet literature itself is greater than any tradition, and unbound by the trappings of circumstance. Elizabethan tragedy at its best is so immense, so apt to stand side by side with the Greek in other particulars, that the difference between the two sorts in one particular, the comparative absence from our drama of the religious element, must needs impress the studious. No example of the difference could be better chosen than "Lear." There is a good deal alike in the presentment of Shakespeare's de-throned king upon the one hand, and Sophocles' Oedipus upon the other. Lear is much the more affecting figure, the more pitiable. His wrongs are more poignant, because they come not from fate but from his own children. His sufferings are more terrible. But he could never have been presented on a Greek stage, because to their eyes it would have seemed, and to our eyes must partly seem, that in the picture human nature is degraded. By this comparison and contrast we realize again the truth of what Hazlitt says, that throughout all his sufferings the Greek hero acts as if he were in the presence of the gods; and we see here too some sort of a refutation of the charge of pusillanimity brought against the religious attitude of the early Greek drama, though *prima facie* it might seem grounded. It is not so, we have already said, in its effects. Just because Oedipus feels himself struck by powers above human, does he preserve the reason and the dignity which Lear lacks. After all, then, the *φόβος* of Aristotle is not mere fear; such a man might feel before the "out, vile jelly" of Cornwall, or the fiendish malice of Iago, not before the shrine at Delphi.

So much for the general aspect of the two dramas; but there is more behind. It will be urged naturally enough that one reason why the religious element is

left out of Shakespeare's plays and his contemporaries' lies in this—that secular things and religious had been now much more separated than they were in the ancient world; there was a division of labor. Undoubtedly this is a *vera causa*, a very effective one; but it reaches further than the argument. The profession of actor was anathema to the early Christians; it was never reconciled to the Church, not though in the miracle plays monks and priests became themselves actors. Thus the position of the playwright as of the actor was the antithesis of that of a Greek tragedian. He was not alone wholly secular, but was in a sense anti-clerical or anti-religious, as the case might be. None of the Elizabethan dramatists refuse to represent holy men and devout women; Friar Laurence, in "Romeo and Juliet," has his counterpart or parallel in Friar Bonaventura in Ford's "Tis Pity she's a Whore"; the martyred Duchess in "Vittoria Corombona" is a model of piety and devotion. But, taken for all in all, Shakespeare's attitude towards religion is certainly enigmatical, that of most of the remaining dramatists inclining rather to negation. How strange, for instance, in that most beautiful and most famous speech of Lear:

Poor naked wretches, wheresoe'er you  
are,  
That bide the pelting of this pitiless  
storm, etc.

how strangely sounds the end,

Take physic, pomp;  
Expose thyself to feel what wretches  
feel,  
That thou mayst shake the superflux to  
them,  
And show the heavens more just.

And if it be said that we have admitted that there are the same kind of enigmas and contradictions to be gleaned from the speeches in the Greek drama, we answer "Yes; but in the Greek religion

there was no theology such as there is in the Christian Faith." Hamlet is the character of Shakespeare whom we at once think of in comparison with Orestes. The comparison has been often drawn. But if their destinies were alike, how strongly does the perpetual scepticism of the former contrast with the only-for-a-moment hesitating faith of Orestes and obedience to Apollo's oracle: though his task, the killing of his mother along with his mother's seducer, was far more terrible than Hamlet's! And we fall back for evidence on that piece of evidence which was cited at the beginning, that in the cases of appeal to the heavenly powers it matters not whether the scene be placed in heathen or in Christian times; the pagans invoke "heaven" and the Christians now and again invoke "Jove"; and there is as much and the same kind of religiosity in one as in the other. This is of course the crux of the difficulty. There is no distinct "historic sense" in Shakespeare; but ever since the revival of learning pagan mythologies, pagan religions were familiar to cultivated minds; the more earnest and cultivated souls—unconsciously or not—really adopted some of the tenets of paganism, which often became a secondary religion for the literary, as the theology of Christendom was more and more reckoned the concern of a section of society; the "division of labor" having carried things thus far. In Milton himself one sees a curious contest between his classicism and his piety. Now he invoked some goddess of paganism; anon he tells the being he has prayed to that she is an "empty dream." And generally this attitude of mind has become so common in the modern world, that even scholars grow into the habit of attributing to the ancients a kind of dilettantism in belief which is the child of their own minds. Shakespeare, who knew all things, knew the differences

between paganism and Christianity not less well than he appreciated the difference in his own creed betwixt the Old and the New Dispensation. That he has expressed fully in two tremendous lines:

*Duke.* How shalt thou hope for mercy, rendering none?

*Shylock.* What judgment shall I dread, doing no wrong?

That incomparable speech of Portia's on the quality of mercy; the gentle characters of a Friar Laurence, the "holy Gonzalo, honorable man"<sup>6</sup> (whose last words in the play are "Be it so! Amen!")—a dozen other such prefigure the "Christian graces." A bishop—Dr. Wordsworth, the Bishop of St. Andrews—has written a book to display Shakespeare's familiarity with the Scriptures. But against these evidences of knowledge and of sympathy we have to set such a speech as that of the Duke of Vienna<sup>7</sup> to Claudio when he has come to prepare him for death: a most strange speech for a supposed friar; for it contains not one word of the ordinary consolations of religion, and is merely a declamation on the worthlessness of life. That speech contains these lines:

Thou hast nor youth nor age,  
But, as it were, an after-dinner's sleep,  
Dreaming on both—

which at once lead on our thoughts to a still more famous passage of Shakespeare—perhaps the most famous in all Shakespeare—wherein not Prospero alone but Prospero's creator seems to be taking leave of us. Surely it is only our familiarity with those words or their beauty that hides from us their supreme sadness:

We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on; and our little  
life  
Is rounded with a sleep—

<sup>6</sup> In "The Tempest."

<sup>7</sup> In "Measure for Measure."

And we have been told a line or two before how our world and "*all which it inherit* shall dissolve, and . . . Leave not a rack behind."<sup>\*</sup>

This negation is all the more remarkable that it is precisely in eschatology that the Christian creed is so much richer than the pagan creeds. And from an artistic point of view the Elizabethans fully appreciated the wealth of material which this eschatology put in their hands. Their indifference or negativeness on what we may call the purely religious side of their belief contrasts with their alertness to its aesthetic side. Though the Duke in "Measure for Measure," for all he is in the guise of a Friar, can find for Claudio condemned to death no better consolations than the emptiness of life, not half so good as Lucretius had found for mankind, yet the notion of Purgatory comes in very effectively in Hamlet, with the picture of the elder Hamlet constrained "to fast in fires" because Death had surprised him "unhousel'd, disappointed, unaneled."

In one play of this vast Elizabethan stage, this aspect of religion enters with tremendous effect. Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" cannot in any sense be cited as an example of the non-religiousness of the Elizabethan drama; it must rather be taken as the exception which proves the rule for which we have been contending. It proves at least that a Greek-like drama was not excluded by the peculiar traditions of the more modern theatre. "Faustus"

is in certain particulars liker to, a Greek play than any other original one of later times. And whether we judge it by the magnificent flow of the verse or by the tragic intensity of its ending, we must confess it one of the masterpieces of its age. Alas! among Marlowe's work it stands alone. The versification of "Edward II." is very good, and the poet has dealt very ingeniously and naturally with his historical material. But it—"Edward II."—nowhere approaches "Faustus." For "The Jew of Malta" and "Tamburlaine," they are hardly to be spoken of at the same time. Beautiful passages abound in "Faustus." That about the "topless towers of Ilium" is in every one's memory. That in which Mephistopheles explains how, whoso has once tasted the bliss of heaven is everywhere else in hell, is perhaps the most distinctly religious to be met with in any Elizabethan poet. But it is at its very end that "Faustus" becomes almost unbearably great and terrible. The introduction of the three scholars who are *all-but* ready to watch with their master even to his last agonizing encounter with the fiends is a touch of skilful tenderness which heightens the horror of Faustus' final moments. When they are persuaded to leave him, we are reminded of how Oedipus dismissed Antigone and Ismene before his last passion. But Oedipus' end, though awe-inspiring, is not fearsome, gentle rather in its mystery. There was nothing in the Greek mythology of the Underworld which lent itself to such a tragedy as "Faustus."

Ah, Faustus,

Now hast thou but one last hour to live,  
And then must thou be damned perpetually.

Stand still, you ever moving spheres of heaven,

That time may cease, and midnight never come.

Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again and make

\* Compare Lucretius.

Principio maria ac terras caelumque tuere:  
Quorum naturam triplicem, tria corpora  
(Memmi)

Tres species tam dissimiles, tria talia texta,  
Una dies dabit exitio, multosque per annos  
Sustentata ruet moles et machina mundi.

"De Rerum Natura," v. 92-5.

Or again,

Mutat enim mundi naturam totius aetas,  
Ex alioque alius status excipere omnia debet;  
Nec manet ulla sui similis res. Omnia migrant.

Omnia commutat Natura et vertere cogit.  
*Ibid.* v. 825-8.

But here things only change: there is still a rack behind.

Perpetual day: or let this hour be but  
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,  
That Faustus may repent and save his  
soul!

*O lente, lente currite, noctis equi!*

O it strikes, it strikes.\* Now, body,  
turn to air

Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.

And last of all, to soften a little our  
horror and give the piece the high dig-  
nity of classic drama, we have the  
words with which the chorus closes the  
scene:

Out is the branch that might have  
grown so straight,  
And burnèd is Apollo's laurel bough,  
&c.

If Marlowe had always occupied him-  
self with themes as great as this and  
treated them as greatly, he would have  
stood to Shakespeare more nearly in the  
relationship in which Æschylus stands  
to Sophocles.

One can hardly imagine these terrors  
to be mere "artistry"; though Marlowe  
was accused of being himself an athe-  
ist. He was without doubt something  
of a ruffian. He is credited with many  
vices and the open profession of the  
most disgraceful ones; to this legend  
the play "Edward II." gives some coun-  
tenance. Marston was also said to be  
an atheist; he was a pessimist, but with  
a pleasant vein of humor and quite leg-  
itimate satire. He does not seem to  
have been either more or less unrelig-  
ious than the most of his contempora-  
ries and colleagues. With Ben Jonson  
the religious question does not arise;  
his tragedies are all classical, and he  
was so much of an antiquary and a  
scholar that he never spoke outside  
"his book." The impression which a  
great number of the lesser dramatists  
give us is on the whole disagreeable.  
Lamb and his set (Elia the most whole-  
heartedly, Hazlitt with much more re-  
serve) set themselves the quite worthy

\* Midnight.

task of resuscitating these lesser dram-  
atists, and in their enthusiasm painted  
over all their most ugly features. The  
resuscitation was worth while, for the  
sake of many purple passages—of  
which these revivers made the most.<sup>10</sup>  
But the charm of all these plays, in  
which poetic drama shows itself (al-  
most for the last time) a vital thing,  
cannot hide from us the perversity or  
even perversion of taste in the authors,  
in the choice of their plots, in the  
drawing of their characters. An air of  
murderous villainy, of horrible vice  
blows through such works as "Vittoria  
Corombona," "The Duchess of Malfi,"  
"The Maid's Tragedy," "Tis Pity  
she's a Whore," for which it is a poor  
excuse to say that they were founded  
on Italian stories. In the midst of all  
these horrors (which are poles apart  
from the fine tragedy of the finest  
Greeks or even from the pessimist sor-  
rows of Euripides) it would perhaps be  
unnatural to expect a sense of the su-  
pernatural or divine. We scarcely get  
it. There is a little touch of softness  
and Christian devotion (as has been  
said) in the Duchess Isabella in "Vit-  
toria." On the other hand Antonio the  
hero in "The Duchess of Malfi" seems  
rather atheistically inclined, and no re-  
ligious gleam softens the inhuman suf-  
ferings of the Duchess. From all this  
band the gentle Heywood stands out as  
an exception. In him in "A Woman  
killed with Kindness" we do at any  
rate get the softer emotions, lit up by  
the gleams of a religion natural to the  
characters and the time.

Taking, then, the Elizabethan drama  
as a whole, making abstract of that  
single play "Faustus," letting our  
minds travel through its varied and  
splendid scenes, its world of characters.

<sup>10</sup> The much praised "Cover her face. Mine  
eyes dazzle. She died young" ("Duchess of  
Malfi") has always seemed to the present  
writer much over-praised; and the trial scene  
of "Vittoria," though effective, by no means  
such a masterpiece as it appeared to Hazlitt

and then, when we have done that, letting our thoughts rest upon the finest Greek tragedy, the religiosity of this last does certainly stand out by contrast in startling clearness. If we were to use a common misnomer of to-day and employ the word "pagan" as a synonym for irreligious or non-religious, then certainly by comparison we should have to call our drama the pagan drama. Nor is this difference (it has been said) adequately accounted for by a mere difference in origin and tradition of the two stages. For tragedy, at least, which summons up all the deeper feelings of the mind and soul, must, if it is of any worth, over-ride such distinctions.

There is another English drama which, if we measure it by its form and as one may say the form of its content, seems to come nearer still to the Greek religious drama, and no one "will look that we should name it," for inevitably "Samson Agonistes" will already have risen to the mind of the reader. Of the splendid poetry which "Samson Agonistes" contains there can be no question. It is, too, founded on a religious theme just after the Greek manner: that is to say, an historical or mythic-historical episode in which the action of the deity is evident. All this the drama has, and the end of it is very impressive, almost stupendous. Its fault is that it is too near its prototype. It was written in Milton's old age, and yet it is something like a glorified school essay. This takes away from "Samson" a claim to stand very high—very conspicuously—as a type of the religious in literature. Take, for instance, the dialogue between Manoah and the messenger in the last scene—is not that too like the prototype? Or out of the passage choose that section which lies between the line:

What glorious hand gave Samson his death's wound?  
and

O lastly over-strong against thyself!

or out of that section take the last quoted line merely. No one who was so set upon making a "colorable imitation" could have been possessed by his subject in such style as would make his work a fair example for our purpose.

And what is true of "Samson Agonistes" is much more true of the classic French drama. This is undoubtedly not sincere: though as a type of art the French classic drama is more of its own nature than that special Miltonic work we are speaking of. In "Athalie" we have a subject which, like "Samson Agonistes," lends itself to and receives a treatment absolutely in the Greek manner—a story from the Bible which is as heroic as those furnished by the quasi-religious traditions of Greek history. But it is not possible to look upon this stage as presenting anything else than a highly ingenious imitation of an infinitely greater model. It is in fact pinchbeck; though much care and skill have gone to the manufacture of it; through lapse of time it has gained a certain historic charm, such as perhaps have articles in actual pinchbeck. These last are coming now a good deal into the fashion—a rather characteristic movement of modern taste.

To find, indeed, a play highly original, designed for the boards, and in its religious element more nearly approaching the Greek model than any other which may be named, we shall have to descend very far the stream of time; the example will seem startling to many, yet without hesitation we select Tolstoi's "Powers of Darkness" as such a play. Its almost accidental origin—for it is said it was written only for some village theatre—takes away nothing from the significance of this work. The importance of "The Powers of Darkness" lies almost wholly in this



—that the supernatural seems once more to brood over the scene. The story is of rude peasant life, and the plot what our reviewers are wont to call sordid. An old peasant, well-to-do, with land and a bit of money put by (Peter the name of him) is married to a much younger, and second, wife, Anicia, and the wife (who is some thirty years) has taken for her lover, a handsome young laborer Nikita. Nikita when he worked on the railway had seduced an orphan girl Maria (Marinka) who used to cook for the navvies. And at the opening of the play the one god-fearing person of the story, Akim, Nikita's father, has heard of this, and is come over to make his son marry the girl. Akim is an extraordinary study but absolutely characteristic: a creation not so much typical of Tolstoi, though wholly "created," as of all the great modern school of Russian fiction.<sup>11</sup> He is confused in mind and speech, but completely governed by his sense of right. Matriona, the mother, is the exact opposite: a woman capable of any villainy and fit for any intrigue, quite aware already of that between her son and Anicia, and quite approving, as she means Anicia to get rid of her husband, if he will not die quickly enough, and to marry Nikita. There are besides two daughters in the house, one (Akulina) by Peter's first wife, about sixteen, and another Anicia's daughter, Aniatka (little Anicia), aged ten. A mechanical device aids the impressiveness of the play—the presence of the ikon in one corner of the scene, before which each person on entering crosses himself, the pious Akim and the infamous Matriona alike, to which, in the most impressive moment of Act I., Nikita turns when he swears that he has done Maria no wrong; a thing unmoved, Delphic, imminent. Nikita is left alone. "It

seemed strange taking that oath before the ikon; I didn't like it." And then he tries to bluster it out. One remembers Rip van Winkle among the silent giants of the Catskills, as Jefferson used to present him.

Matriona goes on with her schemes, Anicia with her intrigue. Peter has been plied with powders but he won't die yet; to-day (it is the second act) he will certainly go, and he has never told them where he has hidden his money. Worse, he has sent for his sister Martha (Martha) as if, secretly aware of his wife's treachery, he were going to hand it over to Martha. Matriona, affectionately busy, has felt the money on him. But Martha may be on the way. Another powder is put in the tea, and the business is done. With great skill Matriona contrives that Nikita shall hide the money, for, as the wife dare not confess how she got it, Nikita is now the master. Crime follows crime. In the third act Anicia has already been displaced; Akulina is mistress—mistress of Nikita, who lets her give herself the airs of proprietorship also, as Peter's eldest child, and she boldly accuses her stepmother of murdering her father. But in Act IV. Akulina's day is evidently over, for the bargain for her engagement has been struck—she is to have a good bit of money. Only Akulina cannot be present at her own betrothal. For—only those of the household know it—she has been brought to bed of a child; she is there in the now unused summer house.<sup>12</sup> What is more, the child must be got rid of. In a scene too gruesome to be put on any English stage—for aught we know in any Russian theatre<sup>13</sup>—the women drug and persuade Nikita to the act: the child is buried in the

<sup>11</sup> Dostolevsky's *Idiot* in the novel "L'Idiot" is a character made after the same pattern.

<sup>12</sup> That is, a house used only in summer; for the better kind of peasants have a winter and a summer house. Not therefore to be confounded with our summer house.

<sup>13</sup> For Tolstoi seems to have written later an alternative scene.



cellar. All these crimes we note are committed off the scene, not in mere imitation of the classic drama, but because the morale of the piece demands such a treatment.

Then comes the *dénoûment*. The Ikon, the heavenly powers, have waited, but they have not gone to sleep. Vengeance is at hand; but vengeance fashioned after a Christian not a pagan ideal. The late-awakened conscience, not the snaky-locked Erinyes. At the last moment, while Akulina's wedding-feast is actually going on, Nikita repents and makes confession. He had gone out into the farmyard; he meditates hanging himself; his mother and his wife come out to force him to rejoin the company and as Akulina's stepfather give her his blessing. A chance word of the farm-servant shows him what he is to do. He does return indoors, but it is to fall upon his knees and avow his crimes to each and to all, to implore pardon of each in turn—of Marinka, of Akulina—taking on himself the murder of Peter as well as of the child. Punishment of course will follow; he is led out with his arms tied behind him; but the repentance overweighs the terror of punishment. The police officer (*uriadnik*), one of the guests, had tried to stop Nikita's confession till he could take notes. "A man's soul is repenting," says Akim, "and you talk about papers." This is of a morality far higher than the Greek; but there is a resemblance in every part. Akim is in his fashion a sort of confused prophet of the Lord, a Telsias or Amphiaraus in peasant guise; nay, was not the Pythoness confused also? Retrospectively "The Powers of Darkness," rightly understood, throws an illumination on the Greek drama. It is only with vast difficulty and by a supreme strain on the imagination that we can in any wise put ourselves in the attitude of an audience in the theatre of Dionysus; falling that effort, the

Greek play remains not much more than a thing of beauty. But he must be compounded of strange stuff who gains no "purification," no *katharsis* from the pity and the terror of "The Powers of Darkness."

The German renaissance came two centuries behind ours. We might proudly boast of having played toward it something of the part which Greece played to the literature of Rome. It must be in honesty confessed that it achieved much less than our golden age. No vitality has remained in the Shakespearean tradition in any land. All our greatest poets have tried their hands at the orthodox blank verse play. Not one of them would have lived by his achievement in that kind; not by "Manfred," nor "The Cenci," nor "Queen Mary," nor "Strafford," nor "Chastelard"; though the first and the last come as near as may be to the greatness of true inspiration and original work. In Germany, as with us, the tradition continues, and excellent work is the outcome. Only as we write has a play ("Attila") been recently put on the boards of His Majesty's which is well worth the attention of the town. Von Wildenbruch in Germany writes pieces of not inferior merit. But not the greatest in this kind there or here, not "Tasso" nor "Wilhelm Tell" nor "Wallenstein," is great enough. "Faust" is the one incomparable production of this German renaissance, but a great mass, too, of lyric poetry of very high value; and that special production of Germany, the half-fantastic romance, the most direct parent of what we to-day call the symbolic romance or play. And if it was less great than our greatest period, the German renaissance has had no equal since. Alongside of the purely literary movement in the German renaissance come the writings of the philosophers; in this field at least Germany stands

supreme. The pure philosophy of the metaphysicians naturally for the general contained and led to a philosophy of religion; or a philosophy of morals closely allied thereto; under the influence of which almost all the literature of that age matured. It hangs over their lightest lyrics, it deeply overshadows Heine, and constitutes the essential difference betwixt our greatest literature and theirs. The German brooding spirit is everywhere; and Goethe's "Faust," instead of being, like what Elizabethan play you will, a single piece thrown off (with however much of tears and sweat) at one particular time, is in the two parts of it almost the work of a lifetime. With the first part, despite its unspeakable beauties and essential originality of plot, it is difficult not to feel a grain of irritation, in that it undertakes to rewrite what Marlowe has written so splendidly. To the second part no such reproach belongs; and though it has certainly elements of obscurity, the second part even surpasses the first in lyrical beauty. It is at once the prototype and the finest example of all "symbolic" writing, as Adam was the goodliest of men since born his sons. In the second part of "Faust," as in the second part of "Wilhelm Meister" (his greatest prose work), Goethe utters his maturest religious convictions: convictions which have gone through the crucible of philosophy and are not vague and one might say amorphous as are the philosophisings of our Elizabethan dramas, even the philosophisings of Hamlet or of Prospero. It is very instructive to compare with the famous "cloud-capped towers" passage in "The Tempest" (which was doubtless in Goethe's mind) the concluding stanza of the second part of "Faust":

Alles Vergängliche  
Ist nur ein Gleichniss;  
Das Unzulängliche  
Hier wird's Ereigniss.

Das Unbeschreibliche  
Hier ist's gethan;  
Das Ewig-Weibliche  
Zieht uns hinan.<sup>14</sup>

This same philosophy of religion, crystallized into "symbolism," passed over to us, both through direct literary influence and through the influence of the time-spirit. It flamed up in Carlyle, whose writings (generally treated as "sceptical" in his age) are in fact saturated with a sense of the supernatural. In the more distinctly objective fashion of fiction it produced the philosophical religious poetry of the Lake school. Then, again, through Coleridge, it set the Broad Church movement going, and that movement was fruitful in novels or romances, in most of which the didactic quite over-rode the creative element, so that they are deservedly forgotten. Frederick Denison Maurice wrote a novel, though probably not many people are aware of the fact to-day. The only works of this school which have any claim to immortality are Kingsley's. But as in Kingsley practical qualities (including a certain quite genuine projective imagination) were out of all proportion to the reflective, he, like Thomas Hughes, should only be reckoned an acolyte or lay member of the new creed. The opposition Tractarian Movement—that, too, had its exponents in fiction; Miss Sewell's "Laneton Parsonage," once a celebrated book, and the writings of Charlotte M. Yonge, which have their own merits. As examples of religion in literature they are, indeed, almost of no value; Miss Yonge had no touch of that prophetic fire which glows in Carlyle. She was probably incapable of seizing the inwardness of any religious move-

<sup>14</sup> All things transitory  
But as symbols are sent;  
Earth's insufficiency  
Here grows to Event:  
The Indescribable  
Here it is done;  
The Woman-Soul leadeth us  
Upward and on."

Such is Bayard Taylor's rendering—a rather terrible one.

ment. She had a limited imagination of a curious strength and clearness, and she had the courage or the fortune, before her generation, to set herself to the writing of a purely realistic fiction. To the grown man her small-beer chronicles are no doubt wearisome; for like Browning's Clément Marot her experience of life was but narrow; probably in these impatient days Charlotte Yonge would find few readers even among girls. Yet within her range she is, without knowing it, a sort of child of Balzac, a sort of poor cousin of Flaubert.

A much more important book than any of Miss Yonge's is "John Inglesant." But it is so far apart from such a work as "The Powers of Darkness" that one feels some hesitation in including it in our category. For according to the criterion we have adopted religion exists in literature whenever the action of supernatural powers is implied or assumed. But though "John Inglesant" is an excellent study of a certain type of religious character, it might have been written by a complete sceptic; the religious element is so essentially subjective. We know of course that J. Henry Shorthouse was not a sceptic. Some strange kinship of nature, what one might fancy some emergent atavism, set vibrating in his mind emotions almost exactly like those of the religious (or, if there were but such a word, like the religiac) poets of the seventeenth century. He therefore chose absolutely rightly for the scene of his great novel. That union of art, of an emotion which was half artistic, with religion that breathes in such lines as these of Crashaw's:

Thawing crystals, snowy hills  
Still spending, never spent. I mean  
Thy sweet eyes, fair Magdalene,

is precisely the spirit which breathes through Shorthouse's work; yet the

prose is so admirable that it produces somewhat the effect of a long-drawn-out poem. Similar in type but to our judgment inferior in merit, as it is likewise later in date, is Pater's "Marius the Epicurean." But here the religion is, if possible, still more completely subjective (so far as the hero is concerned, and for the writer objective), so much a mere study, that it lacks vitality in itself and more distinctly a claim to be reckoned in our list. The same applies to the numerous novels in which Mrs. Humphry Ward has made studies of the effects of religion or of scepticism on this or that man's career ("Robert Elsmere" and "Helbeck of Bannisdale" are the chief novels in this kind); besides that the writer's lack of creative imagination, and her attempt to make industry accomplish what can only be achieved by that, deny to her books an important place in literature.

Among recent works of fiction in which religion takes a prominent or a supreme place Fogazzaro's "Il Santo," from the interest which it has aroused, the attention it has attracted, demands a special notice. It does not stand alone in this *genre*; several English novels could be cited more or less the same in kind, some of Dr. Barry's for example, and Mrs. Wilfrid Ward's. Tolstoi, too, has written a kind of fictional tracts very much with the same intention. This whole order of literature (and Fogazzaro taken as the type of it) comes very appropriately at the end of our article. For it makes a supreme contrast to that with which we began. In the earliest examples which we chose, the existence of the supreme powers is merely a primal fact which must be reckoned with in human destiny, an inscrutable fact, making maybe on the whole for righteousness, but acting in ways which cannot be criticized nor understood. In "Il Santo," as in most modern religious writings,

the righteousness of heaven is never called in question; but (and this, too, is a common trait) the existence of the supernal powers is made half-dependent, half unconsciously dependent, on the "faith" of the individual. To labor this point would bring us too nearly within the radius of polemics. But we doubt not that whoever reads "*Il Santo*" with attention must perceive that we are right. Indeed in common life one may frequently (in sermons and so forth) hear the immortality of the soul made dependent on the belief in the immortality of the soul, an exactly parallel train of ideas. On a close study this kind of theory will certainly be found running throughout "*Il Santo*," the effect of which is to render the book on the whole very unconvincing. Thus the divine mission of the Catholic Church seems to be dependent on the acceptance by the different personages of that mission; and so forth. And it is in somewhat a parallel spirit that Benedetto, the hero of this novel, seems constructed rather to imitate a saint of the Middle Ages than to put sainthood on as to the act born. One does not see why he should spend nights in prayer upon the lonely hill-side, or

*The Edinburgh Review.*

when banished to Jenne live in a cabin which was a kind of "cave" (*cavo*)—like a monk of the Thebaid—nor choose to die in a gardener's cottage rather than in the house of his host, save that medieval saints did these things. We guess (but with submission) that a modern saint, Catholic or Protestant, would rather be found working in the slums of some great town, that his mission would give him little time to think whether he slept in a room or in a cave; that he would die in harness; and that ten to one no one would, till he had gone, suspect the aureole that shone about his head. It must be said, too, that Jeanne has no place in this story "*Il Santo*"; save because "*Il Santo*" is one of a trilogy along with "*Piccolo Mondo Antico*," and "*Piccolo, Mondo Moderno*" where Maironi's (the later Benedetto's) history and Jeanne's are naturally interwoven. Here in "*Il Santo*," Maironi has passed out of all that; the love-passages read as pure artifice. But some of the lesser scenes of "*Il Santo*," the meeting at Selva's house, that other meeting in Guarnaccio's house in Rome, where the two entering priests "smell an odor of Luther." are of rare excellence.

### A WOMAN'S PLEA AGAINST WOMAN SUFFRAGE.

To the Suffragist the one thing needful for woman is the Parliamentary vote. It is held out as a universal and never-failing remedy, whereby the rough places in the world of women are to be made smooth and the crooked paths straight.

This faith in the efficacy of the suffrage is magnificent; but is it based on the solid foundations of reason and the public welfare?

Men and women are not two opposing armies seeking one another's destruction. The one sex is the complement of the other; their interests are

one and indivisible. That which brings good to the man inevitably brings good to the woman, for they are indissolubly linked together. By the unalterable decree of Nature man was marked out to be the protector and guardian of the woman. He is expected to work for her, and, so far as he can, guard her from danger, though it be at the risk of his own life; and civilization insists that, where life is in peril, it is the women, and not the men, who must first be saved. The privileges of a woman are neither small nor few, and she holds them by virtue of her woman-

hood. Have we ceased to think them of any account? Are we prepared to give them up, to forgo what Samuel Johnson called "the super-eminent influence" we at present exercise over men, which makes so largely for the benefit and betterment of the world, in order that we may fight our way through life not as the helpmates of men, but as their competitors and rivals?

Let us consider for a moment how we have fared without this coveted vote. Have the interests of women been specially and markedly neglected? If we look over the field of legislation, it will be seen that as each class has been enfranchised it has brought its share of good alike to the men and women of that class. Since the working classes were enfranchised legislation has been greatly quickened in passing measures for the improvement of their position. The conditions under which they live and work have been made safer and healthier, and they are now entitled to compensation for injuries received and diseases contracted in the course of their employment. But these and other safeguards and advantages have not been given to men alone. Women, in so far as they are workers, have profited equally with men in these beneficial laws. Indeed, in some cases, such as the case of laundries, the beneficiaries are exclusively women; and as to that part of the new Act which gives compensation to domestic servants, the vast majority of those who will benefit by it are women.

This does not look as if the interests of women had been ignored or forgotten. The Married Women's Property Act gives further proof, if such is needed, that laws are not made in the interests of either sex exclusively, but for the good of both. No one can justly and reasonably doubt that whatever is deemed to be for the real benefit of women will be obtained for them,

through the good will and sympathy of men, without the agency of the vote.

It is frequently urged that women's wages will never be properly raised until they have the vote. But does the history of the men's efforts to raise their wages prove that the vote is such an indispensable factor in the case? Without the vote in the textile trade, represented by Mr. Shackleton, the women are paid at the same rate as the men; while even with the vote men are sweated in the tailoring trade and in unskilled labor. The fact is that it is on the strength of their unions rather than on their votes that the men rely to push their wages up. If women had as strong unions as the men they would know, as the men do, that that is the solution of the wage difficulty.

The conditions of women's labor in the Colonies and in the Mother Country are obviously not comparable; but in such of our Colonies as have given the vote to women it has not, I believe, had any effect on their wages. Of course, all wages are much higher there than here, and New Zealand has made the payment of a minimum wage legally binding; but the standard of wage involves economic questions of supply and demand, and does not touch the question of the female franchise.

It must not be forgotten that the low scale of women's wages is partly attributable to the fact that many a woman—a wife or a daughter living at home—can work and will work for a smaller wage than would be required for the maintenance of the woman who keeps herself wholly on her own earnings. The trade of many women is only a part of their business, and not always the most important part. This fact makes combination more difficult for them than for the men, and tends to reduce unduly the standard of pay. While the man works at his trade through all the years of his working life, the majority of women either cease



from working when they marry, or work only during such intervals as they can spare from their more pressing home duties. Hence it is not reasonable to expect that women would attain the skill of men, and their inferiority in physical strength also makes them as workers less valuable. Therefore, though with better organization they would reach a higher standard of wage, it seems certain that in most trades they could not attain to the level of men's wages, for if they were paid at the same rate or nearly the same rate, as men the tendency would be to substitute men for women. The fact that this has not occurred in the textile industry is due to exceptional circumstances and does not affect the general argument.

No one doubts that, if much has been done to ameliorate and improve the condition of the working class, very much remains to be done, particularly amongst the very poor, whose very poverty offers them as a prey to the sweating employer, and in whose life preventable suffering still bears too large a part. But it is in no way shown that the enfranchisement of a sex will bring the remedy for these or any other evils.

It is very doubtful whether there will be any tangible gain for women if they obtain the vote. And if the gain is dubious, the loss, on the other hand, is very obvious.

"Women," says Mr. Goldwin Smith, "will renounce their present influence in grasping the vote. Let them appear as a separate interest in the political arena and they will, like every other separate interest, awaken an antagonism which does not now exist." And in this connection we are bound to consider what would be the result of a great cleavage of opinion between men and women on some crucial matter of national policy. It is not necessary to suppose that all the women might be found in one camp; but if the majority

of women were opposed to the majority of men on a matter of policy leading to an outbreak or a revolution, then, though they would be responsible for the situation, they could neither fight nor be fought. "Women," to quote Mr. Goldwin Smith again, "cannot be made accountable like men. A sex not thoroughly justiciable cannot be made thoroughly responsible."

The work of the world may be roughly divided into "indoor" work—the work that lies in and around the home, and "outdoor" work—the work that lies far afield and deals with matters of public and Imperial concern. Both kinds of work are equally honorable and equally necessary for the common weal, but both cannot be done effectively by the same person. The man does not attempt such a double task; he leaves the care of the home, and all that belongs to the home, to the woman; and the woman, since she is not a super-woman, will find that, if she attempts to take up the work of the man, she will fail in the due discharge of the more important work which immediately depends upon her.

Whether the woman is well-equipped physically, by training and by temperament, for this larger outdoor work even a Suffragist, if candid, might admit is open to question; of her essential and irreplaceable fitness for the indoor work there can be no possible doubt. That was decided in the days when "Adam dolve and Eve span." In the distribution of the world's work it is an intelligible and consistent principle that public concerns should be directed by men and domestic concerns by women, and it is a principle upon which all the countries of the Old World (with the insignificant and recent exceptions of Finland and Norway) and the most important of those in the New World have invariably acted. It is not a question of intellect. We need only bethink ourselves of the many distin-



guished and brilliantly clever women among us to be aware that intellect, in some of its highest forms, is not man's prerogative. But the question is not one of intellectual capacity; it is one of particular capacity for a particular kind of work. The prophets of ill are saying that the English race is degenerating, and plain truth is crying out that infant mortality is terribly high. Women (if we may so say) are the "manufacturers" of England's sons and daughters. Is this the time to lay upon women extraneous and unnecessary burdens, which must tend to restrict and reduce their capacity for their special and particular and transcendently important function?

In these days no one can say that a woman is "cabined, cribbed, confined" in the scope of her work. All forms of local government work are now open to women. They are able both to vote and sit on any deputed local body—a wide enough field, surely, for all the energy and all the time they can spare. Here is work within the circle and neighborhood of their home, a sort of larger housekeeping. It is administrative rather than legislative, and the matters dealt with are often those in which the distinguishing characteristics and training of women make their co-operation extremely valuable. But the Parliamentary vote is on a different plane. Here women would encroach on ground that essentially belongs to man. It is men exclusively who are our soldiers and sailors; it is men exclusively who work in the more important and laborious industries of the country; and it is just that matters of Imperial interest, of peace and war, trade and commerce, should be under the jurisdiction of those who are the defenders and wealth producers of the country. And it must not be forgotten that civilization has not yet been able to eliminate force. Force is still the ultimate basis of all law and social order, the final tri-

bunal of appeal; and the force of the community is man. No woman can imagine that, in case of rebellion, her sex could reassert the law; for that work she must look entirely to the man. She would be at best a *reine fainçante*, without power to make her authority valid. As she has not the physique, neither has she the temperament suitable for managing imperial affairs. She is by nature emotional and impulsive, apt to break away from the restraint of reason under the influence of strong feeling. She is guided by her heart rather than her head. In a word, the average woman is much more excitable and has less self-control than the average man. What would be the condition of the country in a crisis of its fate if its policy were swayed to and fro by the gusts of feminine emotion? Before the vote is given to women it is well to reflect deeply and seriously on the national effect of such a momentous step, not forgetting that with the vote women will naturally and certainly claim the logical sequence—eligibility for election to Parliament.

There is also the impenetrable tangle that besets any measure for the enfranchisement of women. The Suffragists themselves have never quite got clear of this wood, for they are disunited as to the particular kind of franchise they desire to pass. In the babel of voices some are asking for the franchise "on the same terms as men"; some would include married women, others would exclude them; while there are others, again, who would oppose everything short of adult suffrage; and others finally, who would admit women to the House of Commons, and therefore to the offices of State.

In these various franchise schemes one wonders what is to become of the peeresses. Is the House of Lords to become a House of Ladies too? For there are peeresses in their own right, and yet they have not a seat in the Up-

per House. Or—short of the actual seating of these ladies in the non-representative House—is the country so greatly enamored of the aristocratic Chamber as to cast its shadow over the Commons and give the wives of the peers the power, which their husbands do not possess, of voting for the representative House? Surely the ground should be cleared of these contradictions and absurdities before those in favor of this movement talk of legislation.

On the physiological disqualifications, such as child-bearing, which necessarily militate against reliance upon women for the regular discharge of public duties I will say nothing; but such disqualifications are paramount and cannot be ignored. One word, before I conclude, on another point—the indifference of women generally to the vote, and the reasoned objection to it on the part of a vast number of them. In 1892 Mr. Gladstone wrote:

There has never, within my knowledge, been a case in which the franchise has been extended to a large body  
The Nineteenth Century and After.

of persons generally indifferent about receiving it. But here, in addition to a widespread indifference, there is, on the part of large numbers of women who have considered the matter for themselves, the most positive objection and strong disapprobation.

There may be less indifference than there was when these words were written, but the conviction of those who object and disapprove has not lost any of its strength.

This is a question of supreme importance, and it should be considered from the widest possible standpoint. Let us as women look to the end; and let every woman, looking to the end, ask herself, not whether women desire the franchise, but whether, if it were granted, it would make for their own highest good and for the welfare of the nation at large. And let the men who respect women much, but love their country more, do their utmost to keep women out of a sphere which would be fraught alike with harm to themselves and danger to the commonwealth.

*Edith M. Massie.*

## THE POWER OF THE KEYS.

### CHAPTER II.

#### A SECRET AGENT.

"Janie, you look frightfully tired!" cried Eleanor, when the visitors had departed, after a limited portion of the hospital had been exhibited to Mr. Cholmeley-Smith, and he had garnered many statistics in his notebook.

"I suppose I did walk too far yesterday, after all," said Janie, subsiding limply on the sofa.

"That's right; lie down until it's time to go round the wards. Out-patients and a philosophic Radical are enough to tire any one."

"He said I was the first nurse he

ever met who wouldn't talk shop to outsiders," laughed Janie. "You had much the best of it, Burree."

"What, that dreadful lazy man? My dear child, I should have liked to be behind him with a broomstick the whole time, to make him get his words out quicker. 'Brisk and strenuous,' that wicked youth called him!"

"You might have known that was humbug," said Janie, who was rather fond of impressing on her friend that she considered Arbuthnot somewhat frivolous and generally ineffective. "Oh, don't sit down to write, Burree. I want to be foolish to-night, and talk about home."

"But I must make out that list of drugs. I mayn't have another moment all the week. You lie down and get a nap—much better for you than talking."

"Oh, Burree," Janie caught Eleanor's hand as she arranged the cushions, "what a person you are for taking care of people! I can't think why you never married."

"Can't you? I can."

"Oh, then, there was some one," cried Janie, sitting up. "Now you must tell me. Who was he? What happened?"

"My dear Janie, there never was any one. Can't your romantic mind grasp the fact that not only have I never had a love-affair, but I never imagined that I had?"

"Well, I don't know what the men were thinking about!"

"Something else besides plain women with work to do."

"But you are not plain. You are—distinguished-looking."

"Gray hair will make the most commonplace woman distinguished-looking if she happens to have dark eyes."

"You were never commonplace-looking, I am certain. No woman could be who had work like yours, and was as devoted to it as you are."

"Oh, Janie, what a hopelessly feminine point of view! Have you never discovered that a woman who has her work and does it is the most commonplace object in the world to men? They respect her and pass her by."

"Now if a man heard you," said Janie, settling herself comfortably among the cushions, "he would say that disappointment had made you cynical."

"Then he would be wrong. Is it cynical to recognize facts? And disappointment! Why, Janie, I get more happiness out of life than almost any one I know. If I see a pair of lovers, or the right kind of married couple, I can thank God for their happiness with all my heart, and rejoice whenever I

think of it. And don't I keep all my illusions?"

"Oh, cynic, cynic!" lamented Janie. "What illusions?"

"Can't I believe in men still, which very few married women seem able to do? Say that a man throws his boots at his bearer, or rages furiously when the curry is not quite right—I don't know it. I don't see that side of him at all."

"But you do know it. You have just said so."

"I know that men do it, but I don't know that that particular man does. I hope he doesn't. That's my illusion."

"If you recognize it as an illusion, it isn't an illusion."

"That's hair-splitting. And now it's time to go the rounds, and you haven't had your nap, and I haven't done my list."

Sleeping the sleep of the weary after her hard day, Eleanor was roused by the voice of one of the night-nurses.

"Miss Sahib, the Pirzada Hafiz from the upper village is here. His wife is very ill, and he wants the Doctor Miss Sahiba at once."

It was the expected call, and Eleanor rose and dressed hastily, saw that everything likely to be needed was in her bag, and went out. In the verandah was old Nani, awakened almost by main force, and still testifying her sleepiness by grunts of displeasure as she shivered and wrapped her *chadar* closer round her. The husband of the sick woman came forward and salaamed, and Saif-ud-din appeared with a lantern, for the path to the upper village was dangerously steep. The fight between life and death in the Pirzada's house was a long one, and the dawn was breaking when Eleanor and her escort retraced their steps to the hospital. Nani was awake and talkative now, and inclined to see ghosts in every corner.

"Oh, Miss Sahib, what's that?" she cried in real terror, clutching Eleanor's arm, as they were passing the large house occupied by the Begum Sahiba, the great lady of the neighborhood, a Mohammedan widow whose age and wealth were alike supposed to be incalculable. A man who had been standing in the doorway moved forward, with a "Salaam, Miss Sahib." As he put his hands together, Eleanor saw a surgical bandage on the right thumb, a bandage which she had herself affixed not so many hours before.

"It is Barakat's son!" said Nani, with ineffable relief. Barakat was the Begum Sahiba's chief female attendant and confidant. "O Ghulam Qadir, why dost thou play the ghost and frighten the Miss Sahib?"

"What is Barakat's son doing out of doors at this hour?" said Eleanor sharply, scrutinizing the man by the light of Saif-ud-din's lantern. The disguise was perfect, but she could not mistake her own dressing.

"This slave is on the business of the Begum Sahiba," he answered unblushingly. "Is it the will of the Presence that the dust of the earth should appear to-morrow in her medicine-room for the further healing of his hurt?"

"Yes, come at noon," was the curt reply. "Who is this Ghulam Qadir?" asked Eleanor of Nani as they passed on. "I never saw him——" she altered the form of her sentence—"I did not know he was Barakat's son when I dressed his thumb."

"I think he is a soldier in the army of the Sarkar," answered the old woman, "so fine a young man is he, and the light of Barakat's eyes. They say he is also high in favor with the Begum Sahiba herself. Whenever he comes to the village on leave he is admitted to her presence, and there is talk among the servant-people that she will make him her heir."

Eleanor walked on in silence, much

perturbed. From Arbuthnot's manner the afternoon before she had suspected that he had for some reason lost his appointment in the Police, and she had wondered how he could afford to undertake an expensive shooting-tour. She could hardly believe that he could have sunk so low as to live upon the bounty of a native woman, rich and elderly though the Begum might be, but the fact that he should adopt a disguise and shelter himself under the obvious falsehood of a relationship with Barakat made her very uneasy. Janie wondered at her silence in the morning, but attributing it to fatigue, forebore to worry her with questions, and Eleanor kept her discovery to herself, hoping against hope that there might be some good reason for her favorite's conduct. But she received another shock when, glancing into the courtyard as she passed along the verandah, she saw the self-styled Ghulam Qadir sitting comfortably on the ground at the gate, listening with attentive respect to the words of wisdom of Saif-ud-din.

"To come here in that dress!" she said to herself angrily. "He means to brazen it out. Well, since he's so fond of Saif-ud-din, he shall have enough of him."

She worked sternly through the morning, persistently conscious of the idle figure at the gate, which she as persistently ignored, and it was not till well after twelve that she dismissed the nurses to whom she was lecturing, and sent out to summon Ghulam Qadir into the surgery. He entered with a respectful salaam, and stood waiting with downcast eyes. Eleanor cast a hasty glance outside to make sure that none of the girls were lingering near.

"I wonder you venture to keep up this mummary in the daytime!" she cried, her pent-up indignation breaking forth.

"Saif-ud-din and the old woman both heard you tell me to come," he

replied. "What would they have thought if I had not?"

"But to come so early! to lounge at the gate all morning!"

"I have my own reasons for cultivating the venerable Saif-ud-din, and to come two or three hours early is merely in keeping with my disguise. I am not taking any unnecessary risks."

"But what is it? What have you done?" cried Eleanor.

An irrepressible smile flitted across Arbuthnot's face. "When I want true charity in future, I shall always go to a good woman for it. Confess now, Miss Weston, you think I have gone pretty far down the wrong road?"

"If you can tell me you haven't, I shall be inexpressibly relieved," said Eleanor fervently.

"But that is weak, surely, to take my uncorroborated word for it?" he glibed. "Don't you think it would be as well to look at this?" holding out his injured hand, "or the length of our interview may cause surprise." Mechanically Eleanor began to unfasten the dressing. "Now I won't leave you suspended between hope and fear any longer. What you call this mummery is not undertaken for pleasure. I am not in the Police now, but on special work."

"A spy?" asked Eleanor, in no very encouraging tone.

"A secret agent—don't you like the term better? It was at Agpur I found out that I could pass as a native, and I used to dress up and go round to my men's posts to see how far they obeyed orders. They really used to think I was in communication with Shaitan, when I exposed their nightly delinquencies the next day. Then I broke up the Amir Mohammed gang of coiners, and after that I was shunted into this business."

"Now I see why you were sorry to find that Prince George of Agpur was in Bala."

"Yes. Not so much for fear of his

recognizing me in disguise, for that secret never got out, or I should hardly be standing here to-day. But Prince George and the rest of that mongrel lot had a crow or two to pick with me in my police-character, and I don't think they have forgotten it."

Eleanor smiled involuntarily at the instinctive identification of himself with Europeans. "You call yourself Barakat's son," she said pointedly.

"Well, she is my foster-mother, at any rate. But it's the Begum who is really my relation."

"The Begum? How is she related to you?"

"She says she's my great-grandmother. But if she had put it a generation or two further back, I shouldn't be surprised—she looks so old."

"Your great-grandmother? How extraordinary! How——"

"May I come and see you some other time in my English clothes? I don't want to provoke comment by staying now, but there are things I should like to ask you."

"I have to ride this afternoon to the village under the Look-out. If you could join me casually as I come back——"

"All right. I can't shoot with this hand, and the others have an invitation to the Rajah's preserves. By the bye, the bold bad baronet—Brooke, I mean—is in the secret of my disguise; Cholmeley-Smith most emphatically is not."

After lunch, during which her cheerfulness astonished Janie, Eleanor set out on her ride to the distant village. She was detained longer at the case than she had expected, and it was late in the afternoon when she walked her pony down the steep bridle-path and reached the great road. It was therefore extremely natural that the horseman who was riding down it should pause and offer his escort, speaking in loud and hearty tones for the benefit of her *sais* and his.



"Why, Miss Weston, this is lucky! May I ride with you? I have gone as far as the limit, and smoked a pipe there, peering into the unknown and wishing I could plunge into it to-night."

The two natives fell behind, probably to exchange complaints of their respective employers, if their tones were to be trusted, and Arbuthnot turned a laughing face to Eleanor.

"Now here I am, prepared to answer any and every question you like to put. I see you are overflowing with them."

"First, then, why conceal your relationship to the Begum from us? You always encouraged us to believe we were your friends."

"Because of an ingrained habit of deceit, I'm afraid—or shall we call it foresight? You see, I only knew of it myself just before the bear got me three years ago."

"You didn't know of it when you came to India?"

"Not a scrap. My grandfather was awfully good to the old lady—I'm sure she was old even then. She always says, 'The pundit-people may talk against the English, but I am always on their side, for the sake of my daughter's husband.' She did some service to the Government at the time of the Occupation, so she has been handed on as a legacy from Resident to Resident ever since. My father used to come up and see her when he was a young man, but when he married, my mother hated the connection—I suppose it was natural from her point of view,—and when he died, she refused to hold any communication with the Begum, and brought me up quite in ignorance of her existence. I think she almost hated Barakat, too, but the Begum took her into her service, and they waited for me together. They knew that any descendant of my grandfather was bound to come to India in time, you know, and I did, though I never guessed why my mother was so bitterly

opposed to it. She would rather I had gone anywhere else in the world, I believe; but nothing else would do."

"But she was reconciled to it at last?"

"She said it was in the blood, and there was no use in fighting against it. So I came out, and the two old ladies up here kept a strict eye on me by means of spies. They calculated that any man who was stationed at Agpur was bound to take sick-leave to Bala sooner or later, and they were about right. I came up, quite unsuspecting, and at my first camp on this side the border I was waited on by the Begum's trusted scribe, with a flowery Persian letter from Barakat, reminding me of the old days, and entreating to see my face again. But as she was *pardah* now, and could not possibly introduce a European into the discreet household of the Begum, would I be so good as to put on native dress at old Fazl Ali's house in the village, and appear in that? It sounded rather a lark, and I did. Poor old Barakat was nearly out of her wits with joy at seeing me, but I couldn't make out why she should be so nervous. I did all I could to comfort her, but it wasn't until the Begum popped out from behind a curtain, and explained, that I understood. She meant to sample me before she acknowledged me as a relative, you see. And since then I have been to see her whenever I have been up here."

"But why all this mystery and secrecy?" cried Eleanor. "You are not ashamed of the poor old lady?"

"Rather not. It wouldn't be much good if I was, for most people know that my grandfather married a princess of Bala. But I had thoughts of frontier work even then, and it gave me such a splendid jumping-off place. If I was to use her house in my expeditions, I must only appear there as a native, or the villagers would soon begin to notice that the Begum had a Fa-



rangi great-grandson, and Barakat a son, of precisely the same height, who never by any chance showed up at the same time."

"But does the Begum like it?"

"Oh, I'm an awful disappointment to her. At first she was always wanting to give me money to buy promotion with, or to win the favor of people in high places, or something equally benighted. She knows now that I won't take money from her, so she consoles herself by promising to arrange a lip-top marriage for me. Nobody lower than a Princess, or at the very least the Viceroy's daughter, will be considered in the running, so she can't get very far. But, do you know, that operating-table which my 'family' gave to the hospital after you cured me was practically a gift from her?"

"But she has never been very sympathetic, though she helped in building the hospital," said Eleanor.

"She wasn't then. She said. 'It is a shame for the son of princes to remain indebted to a European woman and a stranger. Tell me, light of my eyes, what sum is needed to clear thee from this obligation?' and she lugged up a great money-bag from under her cushions."

"I don't think I would have accepted it if I had known——"

"Oh yes, you would. You couldn't have let the patients suffer for your pride, you know. And the Begum would have died of mortification if she had thought I was still in your debt. She is awfully kind to me now, and lets me make use of her house at all hours, consoling herself for my extraordinary proceedings by recalling traits of my grandfather's which account for them."

"But do you mean that no one in her house suspects who you are?"

"Barakat knows, of course, and Fazi Ali, but no one else. To the rest I am Barakat's son, and they are frightfully jealous of the Begum's unaccountable

favor for me. Gokal Das, the man of business, is the worst. To see the glare in his eyes while he cringes before me is like a play."

"Well, of course, you are the best judge, but I think this concealment is a great mistake," said Eleanor resolutely.

"I am the best judge," he said, more sternly than she had ever heard him speak. "Wait till you know something of the circumstances before you blame me."

"I know there must be secret agents, and that they are specially needed up here, but I don't like to think of you as one." Eleanor was apologetic but staunch.

"Not if I can serve the country better in that way than any other, particularly just now? Did you notice what Brooke said yesterday about the dispute between Scythia and Hercynia being a put-up job? Our great statesmen at home don't realize it. But I can tell you who does—the Xipanguese Government, and they have warned us to keep our eye on Asia, not on Europe at all."

"It means a Scythian invasion of India, then?"

"Exactly, while Hercynia picks a quarrel with us and prevents our sending reinforcements from home. We know that Scythia has been concentrating troops on the Ethiopian frontier for months—even years—past; we know that when she gave shelter to the Ethiopian pretender she made friends through him with all his supporters; and we know that she has two strategic railways, terminating—for the moment—within striking distance of Rahat, by which she can pour in men and supplies. Then, what has happened to all the troops who ought to have returned to Europe after the Far-Eastern War? The right proportion of them have evacuated the disputed territory—the Xipanguese have seen to

that—but they have not got back to Scythia. Where are they? Why, some of them on the Ethiopian frontier, and some encamped along the line of the Far-Eastern Railway. What can that mean but a simultaneous attack on us and Xipangue?"

"But surely the Home Government must see it?"

"Not they. They are so busy shouting, 'We are peaceful, You are peaceful, The whole world is peaceful,' that they drown all the noises they don't want to hear. Every man that tries to bring the truth home to them is an alarmist, and alarmists deserve death without benefit of clergy. And we here know not only that Scythia is preparing to spring, but that India is prepared to make things easy for her."

"But how can you know that?"

"By going in and out among the people as one of themselves, in the way you think so wrong. They are all expecting an invasion, and, whether from discontent, or love of fighting, or love of loot, they will join the stronger side, which at the first go-off is bound to be Scythia's."

"But at any rate the present Government has redressed their grievances," objected Eleanor.

"That's just what it has not done. When it came in, the Congress-wallahs thought the Millennium had arrived. Funny sort of time a Congress-wallah's Millennium would be, wouldn't it? But with the worst will in the world to pull the fabric of British authority to pieces, they have had to go slowly, and the men on the spot have conscientiously acted as a drag on the wheel. Therefore the Congress-wallahs, finding that even a government of cranks can't bring in the Millennium, look for some one who will at any rate promise it, and the mass of the people, whose hopes have been excited in vain, are ready for any mischief. Of course the change isn't entirely due to the

present Government, but they have brought it to a head."

"No, it has been going on for more than a year," said Eleanor. "I have noticed it during my ten years in India—the increasing impatience of European control. I find it even among the Christians, even in Vashti and my girls here—a sort of sullenness under direction, as if they would say, 'Why should you lord it over us? We are as good as you.' And the feeling is purely national, not racial, for I asked some American missionaries whom I met at Nanakpur, at Conference. They all agreed that when they were once known to be American, they escaped the dislike with which the English were regarded."

"That was exactly one of the things I wanted to ask you. Well, I fancy your Christians will only find they have exchanged King Log for a particularly active King Stork if they pass under Scythian rule. And another thing I want to know is, if I come and ask you to engage me as Saif-ud-din's assistant, will you take me on? I don't think Saif-ud-din would object, and the Begum will give me a recommendation."

"I don't like lending myself to——"

"A deception? Of course not. But it's a matter of importance. I want to get up to Bala-tarin and see what is going on beyond the outpost. There are persistent rumors of the concentration of Scythian troops there too. If I could verify that, it would be a new fact which might stir the Government to caution, if not to action. We have cried 'Wolf' about the Ethiopian frontier so long you see. But I must have a reason, or your Rajah here, whose behavior has been distinctly suspicious of late, will refuse to let me go. But if that chief, whose wife you cured of rheumatism three years ago, were to send down for some of the same medicine for himself, would it not be natural for some one you could trust to take

it to him and see that it was properly applied?"

"Not natural, but I suppose possible. But why not go in your own character?"

"Exactly, why not? Brooke and I have been industriously indoctrinating Cholmeley-Smith with a desire to go up to Bala-tarin, but he doesn't take to it as we could wish. He is our trump-card, you know. What with his own idea of his political importance, and the way he talks of all the cranks in the Cabinet as his dearest friends, the natives think him somebody very big indeed. He was just the blind we wanted for our expedition. Brooke has I.C.S. stamped all over him, and I am known to a good many more evil-doers than is at all convenient, so we thought we were in luck when we came on Cholmeley-Smith thirsting to finish off his globe-trotting properly by a little shooing up here. It has worked excellently so far. Brooke dry-nurses Cholmeley-Smith when I am off on my own work, and we play into each other's hands by gently impelling him in the right direction. But now the Rajah and all the pundits are making a terrible fuss

about the way to Bala-tarin being blocked with snowslides and landslips and I don't know what, and Cholmeley-Smith doesn't half like it. At present they promise to get us horses and coolies by the day after to-morrow, but I doubt very much if they will."

"Then you will be here for the King's Birthday? Bala is so far behind the age as still to keep this festival in May, for the excellent reason that in November there is hardly a European in the state."

"Rather! and for the Rajah's dinner. Cholmeley-Smith wouldn't miss that on any account. Absolute ignorance of the etiquette of the occasions and diseased self-importance—well, perhaps Brooke and I have stuffed him a little—have made him certain that he will be toasted as the distinguished visitor, and have to reply. He goes about jotting down happy turns of speech in his notebook. But after the dinner we must see whether we can go up to Bala-tarin together, or whether Brooke must judiciously attract Cholmeley-Smith in some other direction, while I take service with you."

*Sydney C. Grier.*

*(To be continued.)*

## MEMORIES OF LONDON IN THE FORTIES.\*

BY DAVID MASSON.

My first domicile in London was in lodgings that had been taken for me by a friend, before my arrival, in Down Street, Piccadilly. It is—or was in 1844—a quiet little street, leading from Piccadilly, near its Park Lane end, into the maze of aristocratic streets which rejoices in the name of Mayfair. The little street itself, indeed, was recognized as within that highly fashionable district; and, though "Down Street, Piccadilly" was the best direction by

which to find the street, if one was in search of it, "Down Street, Mayfair" served equally well on the backs of letters, and would not have been amiss on my cards, if I had been ambitious of the reputation attached to so distinguished an address. There would have been some deception, however, in assuming it; for, though I certainly entered my lodgings from Down Street, and by the neatly knocked door of one of the tidliest houses in that street

\* These Memories were written mainly in the year 1881; and some additions were made

in a later year. They have been arranged for publication by his daughter, Flora Masson.

on the right hand as you go from Piccadilly, the rooms I called mine were not only at the back of the house, but in a detached little building there, accessible from the first floor of the house by a kind of wooden bridge or railed gallery shot across a small open back-yard. This, which had been a device of the good landlady for multiplying her accommodation for lodgers, suited me very well. While her main tenants, who occupied the rooms in the Down Street house itself, must have paid handsomely for those rooms, I, indubitably in Down Street too, and not to be reached except through the same door in Down Street, was her one extra lodger, at a very moderate rate, in this peninsular addition at the back. The rooms were as small and plain as could well be; but they were all I wanted, and were pleasant enough. The view from them by their small windows not being inwards, to the yard and house, but outwards on to walled spaces of some extent, beyond Down Street altogether, and utilized for stabling, beating of carpets, and I know not what else, my sole connection with Down Street was by the wooden bridge or gallery I have mentioned. That bridge or gallery, having no other purpose than to lead to my rooms, belonged, I may say, entirely to myself. Except the servant, bringing my breakfast or letters, no one else used it. Every time I went out, it was by this bridge that I passed through the house to the door in Down Street; every time I came in, I went up the stair again from the door in Down Street, and crossed this bridge to my own crib; and late at nights, when I sat alone in my crib, this bridge was my separation and protection from all the rest of the world.

The months I passed in that lodging in Down Street, Piccadilly, being the first months of my actual residence in London, I was naturally more alone during my stay there than ever I was

afterwards in the great city. Except my friend who had taken the rooms for me before my arrival, and who used to drop in upon me pretty frequently so long as he was in town, but who was latterly called away from town on business of his own, I hardly remember having had a visitor. Within doors I had my books and little bits of writing to occupy me; and what contact I had with the London world around me was chiefly in daily walks hither and thither by myself—often, at stated hours, in the Parks,—giving occupation to the eye rather than to the tongue. From the first, indeed, I had acquaintanceships which it was a privilege to cultivate, and which gave me opportunities for agreeable society now and then; but, as I did not tax those opportunities overmuch, there were often days together during which I did not exchange a word with a single human being, unless it might be the waiter at the tavern where I happened to dine. Hence, perhaps, the distinctness of my recollection of my little crib in Down Street, and my daily saunterings from it and returns to it. Two incidents dwell in my memory yet, attesting the exceptional solitude in which I then lived. One Friday forenoon, having gone out earlier than usual, I was perplexed by the appearance of things in the streets. All the shops were shut; and, though great numbers of persons were moving about, and there was in other respects a more than ordinary stir, Piccadilly and the neighboring thoroughfares seemed to have put on somehow a quasi-Sabbatic aspect. I could not make it out; and, for a moment or two, the awful query crossed my mind whether it could actually be Sunday, and whether, having gone to bed on Thursday night, I could possibly have slept through three nights and two days without being aware of the fact. That momentary whimsy being too absurd, I had the explanation still

to seek. It was, in fact, the Good Friday of 1844; and, though I had heard of Good Friday before, I had never till then, in the bleakness of the Presbyterian Calendar in such matters, had the least conception of the paramount importance of that anniversary in England. Subsequent Good Fridays came to me naturally enough; but it was on that day that I first heard of "Hot Cross Buns," and it was on that day that I had my eyes opened otherwise to the English significance of the Great Friday before Easter.

The other incident appertains to an evening when, having returned to my lodgings rather late, I was crossing the bridge to my peninsular sanctuary. Next door to us, in Down Street, was a most respectable public-house, whose chief business seemed to be in sending out ale to the various households in the quiet street itself, so that there was little bustle at the bar, and certainly never any disturbance; but I had become aware that at the back of the premises, and therefore running parallel with my bridge, there was a room of some dimensions, in which customers could sit in the evenings, and which could be used occasionally for club-meetings and other convivial gatherings. The gatherings must all have been of a sedate kind; the sounds that came from the lighted back-parlor, or hall, were never uproarious. On this particular evening, however, I was arrested in my transit over my bridge by sounds louder and more complex than usual, indicating the presence of a pretty large company, assembled for some special purpose. It may have been a dramatic club; for what arrested me first was one voice, issuing from a general hush of the rest, and engaged in what seemed to be a specimen of elocutionary art for the common benefit. It was a prose-reading of some pathetic story, the greater part of which was already over, so that, from my dark listening

station on the bridge above, I came in only for the end of it. That was emphatic enough. I may have heard five or six sentences altogether, each powerfully audible, and delivered with all the tricks of a practised stage-craftsman, when the climax, and, as it chanced, the finale, came in these words:—

"I left her fifteen years ago; and, when I came back, she was—a—a—a—a—a—*dead*."

The effect was most telling, especially that of the protracted artistic gasp before the descent to the deep bass of the final word; and great and prolonged applause, with a clattering of glasses on the tables, rewarded the performance. Passing on into my room, I sat some time meditating the compressed tragedy that had been flung up to me in the one all-comprehensive sentence, and wondering who they were that were enjoying themselves so laudably in the public-house parlor. It is more than twice fifteen years ago, it is actually thirty-seven years ago,<sup>1</sup> since I stood on the bridge and listened in the dark; and all is so fresh in my memory that I seem to be standing there still. Where is the elocutionist now, and what has become of the rest of his audience? Are they all—a—a—a—a—a—*dead*?

With changes of circumstance there come changes of lodgings. I had occasion to transfer myself from Down Street, Piccadilly, to the other side of Hyde Park, to the less likeable region of streets that lies east from the Edgware Road. Then, for some years after my return to London for good, early in 1847, I lived—very conveniently for my purposes—in the neighborhood of Gower Street. My subsequent London associations—all the associations of those twelve years from 1853 to 1865, during which I had a real home in London—are with the suburban region to

<sup>1</sup> Written in 1881.



the north of Regent's Park—the long and leafy line of suburb that extends from the north gate of the Park, under the name of Avenue Road, to the Swiss Cottage, and thence, under the name of Finchley New Row, out into the fields between Hendon and Hampstead. I like to think that by my last and dearest connections of house and home with London I was, and still am, in a certain sense, a denizen of Hampstead Parish. All my strongest London affections are for that northern suburb: all my most cherished recollections are centred there.<sup>2</sup>

Curiously enough, I had become acquainted with this suburb of London, and had taken a fancy to it, long before I knew I was predestined to belong to it. One Sunday in 1844, my friend Alexander Bain being with me, we had resolved, if possible, to walk clear out of London into the country, and had, by a kind of instinct, selected this northern direction as that in which the feat was likely to be accomplished with greatest ease. We did accomplish it more easily than we had expected; for, having left Regent's Park behind us, we came suddenly, about the spot which is now the end of Avenue Road, to mere fields and grass, London and its buildings visibly at an end, and an absolutely open rural expanse in front. It was a fine sunny day, and we left the road and strayed into one of the fields. In the middle of it was a strange-looking object in the shape of a great upstanding drum of red brick about twelve feet high. We went round and round it, and finding no opening or slit whatever in the cylindrical surface, were greatly puzzled in imagining what it could be. We had started several hypotheses on the subject, and were resting on the grass at the foot of

the mysterious structure, still pondering the problem, when an underground noise, growing louder and louder, and at length passing as a hideous shudder directly underneath us, made us aware that we were over a railway tunnel, and that our interesting drum was a ventilating shaft. It was strange, not many years afterwards, when I came to be familiar with the neighborhood and with everything in it, to look at the drum still standing in the field as it had done on that bygone Sunday, and to think how ignorant both of us must have been in the matter of railways, and how recent a novelty to people in general railways must then have been, that so simple an object should have caused so much speculation.

The first railway journey of my life was to be in that year; and, as it was a run on the London and North-Western line from Euston Station to the neighborhood of Watford, it must have carried me through the very tunnel on which we had sat so recently pondering the problem of our brick drum. I remember the novelty of the sensation of first being carried along in that train, and my uncertainty as to time and distance as we passed the successive stations. That is but a silly recollection, however, in comparison with the vivid associations of that little journey in my memory now with one of the dearest of all my London companionships. Having renewed, early in 1844, the acquaintanceship with John Stuart Mill which I had been fortunate enough to form in my London visit of the previous year, I had seen a good deal of that eminent man before the autumn of 1844. This had been chiefly by calls on him now and then at the India House, where his office hours were from 10 to 4, and where, between 3 and 4, he was accessible to friends. His reception of me on these calls had always been kind, one special act of kindness having been his offer,

<sup>2</sup> My father refers here to the house in Avenue Road,—the house of our beloved grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Orme, whose eldest daughter he married in 1853.—F. M.

on my first call or my second, to read anything of mine in manuscript. This was a form of kindness of which large use was made, and of which he really liked use to be made, by the men of letters—and especially the young men of letters—within the circle of his acquaintance. I remember the studious politeness with which he phrased the offer in my case. I was not to think it would be a trouble to him; on the contrary, it would be a favor; he had plenty of time, and nothing he liked so much as reading manuscripts! Though I could not but value highly such an offer, only in one small instance did I avail myself of it; and the main benefit from those opportunities at the India House was the instruction I received about many things, and especially about current English and French politics and philosophy, from Mill's free and interesting talks as he walked up and down his room. Thus my acquaintance with him had ripened into something considerable, though into nothing comparable with the intimacy of the relationship that had by this time been established between Mill and Bain. I have a fancy, indeed, on looking back now, that it was less on my own account than because I was a friend of Bain's that Mill accorded me, thus early in my acquaintance with him, the privilege of such easy access to him, when I chose, in the India House. Those afternoon calls at the India House had led, however, to hospitable reception in more domestic fashion at Kensington Square, and so to pleasant relations there with the other members of the Mill household. They were a remarkable family. When they were all together, you saw, at the time I speak of, besides Mill himself, then thirty-eight years of age, his mother, a widow since 1836, still a comely lady for her years, and a kindly and most competent hostess; four daughters, yet unmarried, and one younger son;—all

these five looking up to John now as their head and their link of honor with the rest of the world; but all of them, even to the youngest, remembering also their dead father, by whom, to the very last days of his life, they had been carefully and even vigorously educated. Not one of the five but bore the stamp of their upbringing in a certain superiority, both of character and intellect. Of the five, I came to know three particularly; and, of those, most particularly of all, George Grote Mill, the youngest but one of the whole family. He was younger than his brother John by seventeen or eighteen years. For some time already he had been associated with him in the India House, holding a junior clerkship in the important department in which his brother was one of the chiefs. I had seen him at his desk among other clerks in one of the large rooms on the lower floor of the India House; but it was in the house in Kensington Square that we came most easily and naturally together. We were nearly of the same age; and he had taken strongly to me, and I strongly to him. Hence, in the autumn of 1844, when he had gone with his mother and two or more of his sisters to country quarters which they had taken in the village of King's Langley in Herts, John Stuart Mill then off somewhere else for his holiday, an invitation to me to spend a day or two at King's Langley was very welcome. This accordingly was the occasion of my first railway journey.

What do I remember of that visit to King's Langley, in addition to the novelty of my mode of getting thither? I remember a pleasant rural English neighborhood, and my interest in the contiguity of two distinct villages with such quaint names of historic origin as King's Langley and Abbot's Langley. I remember the kind hospitalities within-doors, and something of the look of the cottage in which I ex-

perienced them, and which I have never seen since. I remember one late evening walk down a steep country lane shaded by trees on both sides, and our slow return up the same lane, when it had become dark, and when, from the bank on the left side of the lane, there came upon us gleams at every step of countless glow-worms; and we were met by the uncouth descending figure of a rustic with two or three of the shining little creatures on the rim of his hat, to light him on his way homewards. I remember another walk in broad day through the woods of Cassiobury Park, the domain of the Villiers-Clarendon family, and our rest and talk somewhere in the heart of those woods, on a seat in one of the paths, close to the gnarled root of a great tree, and on the lip, as the vision flashes itself back to me now, of some kind of sluggish, barge-bearing stream. But what I remember best and most fondly is that it was this visit to King's Langley that sealed the friendship I had begun with young George Mill.

While the fame of John Stuart Mill has gone through the world, few can know now as I do what a fund of beautiful promise there was in this younger bearer of the Mill name. Less tall than his brother, but of compact and agile figure, with finely-cut features, bright eyes, and a most winning sweetness of expression (the face altogether much resembling, as I have since noted, that of Thomas Brown, the metaphysician), he had inherited no small share of the keen family ability; had been accurately taught, and self-taught, in a considerable range of subjects, was nearly as much at home in French as in English, and was otherwise well accomplished. Full of affectionate admiration for his brother, and nurtured, at any rate by family traditions in the tenets of the Radical school of politics, he cherished no less strongly than his brother did the conviction that existing

social institutions are iniquitous in many essential respects, and that the rectification of social wrongs and miseries is the supreme duty of all who have the power and the opportunity. Modestly aware, however, of his own inability to give effect to this conviction by any such public exertions as befitted the larger intellect and wider capabilities of his brother, he made no open profession of the conviction, but carried it within himself as a simple constitutional axiom, in which form he did hold to it, as one found, with an almost Shelley-like intensity of belief, quiet and undemonstrative in the main, but that might break out suddenly in some Shelley-like action. But this you had to discover gradually, so gentle was his demeanor, so sweetly reasonable his talk, so ready was he for anything gay or humorous in things in their yet unamended state, so docile to anything he could learn from the opinions or experience of others whose antecedents had been different from his own. All in all, I have known no more lovable nature than young George Mill. The later months of 1844 were made pleasant for me by the increased frequency of our companionship.<sup>3</sup>

At this point I may throw in a stray small item or two, chronicled in my memory, of this year 1844. One afternoon, early in the year, I had a sight of Samuel Rogers, the banker poet. He was walking in Hyde Park, not far from Apsley House, and was pointed out to me by a friend as he approached us—a slight, aged figure, with a peculiarly wrinkled and rather cankered-looking visage. He was then eighty-one years of age, having been born in 1763. I had seen older men, and have a vivid image yet in my mind of one strong, erect, gray-headed old soldier, a Highland veteran named Douglas, whom I had looked at with interest in

<sup>3</sup> George Grote Mill died in Madeira, July 15, 1853.

my childhood, and who must have been born in or shortly after the year of Culloden. Even Culloden comes within my grasp through the tradition of a relative who used in his boyhood to stand, as he often told me, with other boys, round the peat-fire in a Morayshire cottage, watching a very old Highlander seated there in a state of sleepy and silent dotage, from which he could be roused only by one expedient. He had fought at Culloden,—that was his one last link of fact with the still living world; and a boy had only to pronounce the word "Culloden" in his hearing, when round the old man would swing with a start, to look earnestly at the little imp and exclaim, "Och! and was *you* at the focht?" By these and other pulleys of memory I can slip back, easily enough, a good way into the eighteenth century; but the oldest born *celebrity* I have actually seen and can recollect is the poet Rogers. He lived twelve full years, still one of the celebrities of London, after that, my first and only sight of him.

Another recollection of about the same date is of one of the meetings of the Anti-Corn-Law League in Drury Lane or Covent Garden Theatre. I had dropped in late, and obtained standing-room far back in the crowded audience. If either Cobden or Bright spoke at that meeting, it had been before my entry; and the speech I heard was by Mr. W. J. Fox, the well-known Unitarian minister of Finsbury Place Chapel, and then one of the chief orators of the Anti-Corn-Law agitation. It was an able speech by an able man; but what struck me most was the extreme elaborateness and artifice of its elocution. I have never heard an orator who played on his voice with such unabashed deliberateness and delight in its tones and modulations. He played on it as if it had been a piano. The most successful passage in his speech (possibly a favorite and often delivered

passage, and now, I think, preserved among his printed remains) was one in which he attacked the stock argument on the other side, that free-trade in corn would make the nation dependent on the foreigner. To illustrate the folly of this argument he asked the audience to figure to themselves the personal equipments and household furnishings and surroundings of any one of the individual peers or great landlords of the Conservative party, by whom it was then urged so persistently. Dependent on the foreigner! Was not the very peer himself wrapped and lapped in foreign integuments, foreign habits, and foreign embellishments? was not everything on him and about him an importation from abroad? "His dinner is dressed for him by a French cook, and he is dressed for his dinner by a French valet; and when he dies and goes to his fathers, will not the tombstone that covers his remains be of marble from the quarries of Carrara?" Intone that; and don't pronounce the last word mincingly with the English sound of the vowels, but Italianated and prolonged, as *Carra-ara*, and you will have an idea of Mr. Fox's elocution.

One day in June 1844, as I was walking up Regent Street, on the left hand, there flashed past me a splendid four-horse carriage or chariot, driven at a terrific rate, and wheeled as swiftly into the nearest cross-street on that side. It contained the great Czar Nicolas, then on his famous visit to London, and on his way at that moment from some wider drive, back to his quarters at the Russian Embassy. I had just a glimpse of his gigantic form and grand head, and accounted for the terrific pace at which he was driven by remembering that there were Russian refugees in London, and that a pistol-shot from one or other of them was not an impossibility.

Daniel O'Connell I saw once, in that

year. He had just left the Reform Club; and, to elude the cordialities of a considerable crowd, mostly Irish, who were calling out, "The Liberathur! The Liberathur!" as if anxious for an address from him, he was keeping as close as he could to the inner side of the pavement, at the angle between Pall Mall and the Athenæum Club. He had a very wide-brimmed, low hat on his large head, under which one saw his smallish nose and rich Irish mouth and chin. The incident must have been after September 1844, in which month he was liberated, by decision of the House of Lords, from the imprisonment to which he had been sentenced in the previous May by the Irish Court, before which he had been brought to trial by Peel's Government, on charges of conspiracy and sedition. Though the sentence had been reversed, and O'Connell was again at large, with nearly three years of life yet before him, the trial had paralyzed his influence, and his great days were gone.

I look back now to the year 1844 as the commencement of the greatest and longest friendship of my life. No slenderly accredited youth ever received more kindness from a senior of established mark and reputation in the world than I did from Carlyle through that whole year. It can have been but about a week after my first sight of him in his house at Chelsea that,

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

chancing to meet him in Piccadilly near Down Street, I was stopped by him for a minute or two of talk and of cordial enquiry about my affairs and outlook, ending—how well I remember it!—with the words, "Well, Courage always, and Hope always!" as we parted. There had followed evenings, at intervals, with him and Mrs. Carlyle in Cheyne Row, when, his work on his "Cromwell" over for the day, though he was still in the agony of that performance, I found myself always welcome. Sometimes there was another guest at their tea-table, but oftenest they were by themselves, in which case, when I rose to go, after an hour or two of such talk as could be heard nowhere else, there would come the almost invariable phrase, "Wait till I put on my shoes"; and when he had equipped himself so, and put on his hat, there was the added privilege of being his companion in his habitual last walk for the night, and having his convoy, by Sloane Square and through other squares and streets, dark or lamp-lit, as far as to Hyde Park corner. All this would have been much; but there was more. It was a superlatively kind note from Carlyle to Mr. Nickson, not asked, but volunteered, that had obtained for me access to "Fraser's Magazine"; and any further service of the kind was, I knew, at my disposal.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE CHARM OF FRENCH VERSE.

The peculiar quality of charm in the best French lyrical poetry, the quality of charm which distinguishes it from the lyrical poetry of other races, is a subtle and an exquisite thing, and the feeling for it is rare. This feeling the French themselves lost in the age of

Voltaire, and they did not fully regain it until the age of Verlaine. We lost it in the age of Lydgate, and when we recovered somewhat of it, in the age of Wordsworth, we did so without knowing very clearly what we were doing. Indeed, I doubt if we know



very clearly even now. Our most original poets of the younger generation, and especially Mr. Robert Bridges and Mr. W. B. Yeats, seem to me to be aiming at a venture at an unseen mark. They perceive that Mr. Swinburne has developed and exhausted the possibilities of the purely English tradition of poetic style, with its clanging alliterative harmony, its tumultuous imagery and its gorgeous picturesqueness; they perceive this, but they are still rather obscurely feeling their way to a style with qualities entirely different. Mr. Robert Bridges, it is true, has returned to the ideas of Chaucer; but he does not appear to recognize completely that the ideas of Gower and Chaucer are, like the ideas of Wordsworth, French ideas.

The revolution in the matter of diction which Wordsworth began, but did not carry through, was based upon a distinction between art and inspiration as fine as it was profound. The fact is that there is little pure poetry even in the works of the greatest poets. The art of verse, as Shelley remarked, consists chiefly in connecting the spaces between the flashes of inspiration by an intertexture of rhetoric. This intertexture may be beautifully spun and choicely adorned, as in "Paradise Lost," or it may be loosely and badly woven, as in the "Excursion"; but this, in itself, does not make the first work a better model of pure poetry than the second. As a matter of fact, the formal eloquence used by Milton in the tracts of verse between his inspired passages was the source of much of the stilted diction which, in the eighteenth century, clogged the powers of self-expression of Thomson and Gray. From the influence of this diction Wordsworth escaped by writing, with extraordinary sincerity, in the flattest manner possible, between his outbursts of "high and passionate thought to its own music chanted." When, to take

an instance selected by Mrs. Meynell, he could not compose a strain of true poetry informed by its own beauty, such as Shakespeare's:

The summer's flower is to the summer  
sweet,  
Though to itself it only live and die.

he refrained at least from elaborating magniloquence of a false kind, such as Gray's:

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert  
air.

Wordsworth held to the first principle of great poetry, which consists in sheer sincerity of expression; but he did not develop it. Had he done so, he would have recognized that there was a delightful middle way, in regard to the intertexture of verse, between the rhetorical manner and the prosaic. He would have found that this middle way had been followed by all the best French poets, from Benoit de Sainte-More and Chrestien de Troyes to Racine and La Fontaine, and that it had been adopted by Nicholas of Guildford and Chaucer, who thereby arrived at the only perfect model of a clear, bright, sound and fine medium of poetic expression existing in English literature.

French verse of the best sort is distinguished by a Doric delicacy of style. It does not dazzle; it does not startle. It has little vehemence of passion, little splendor of imagination. Its charm resides in an intimacy and a fineness of feeling which gain upon one very gradually, and impress one at last very deeply. The emotions which inform it are commonly emotions recollected in a tranquil, lucid frame of mind, and defined with an unusual faculty for analytical introspection. The French poet seldom surrenders himself to his intuitions and builds wholly upon these. He is strangely reasonable, and never

more so, perhaps, than when, as in the last of his literary movements, he strains at the fantastic, and tries to follow little irregularities by rule. The road to his imagination always runs through his intellect. This, of course, is a grand characteristic of the genius of his race generally. A French cathedral of the best period may make on the soul of a romantic visitor an effect of ineffable awe and mystery; but the means by which this effect is produced are really an expression of an extremely acute sense of logical construction. A French cathedral is different in character from an English cathedral. It is animated by the same austere spirit as that which animates a theological system by Calvin, or a psychological drama by Racine, the spirit of clarity, order, logic.

The course of the French genius is to make wonders plain, and not to make plain things wonders. The kind of sublimity at which it aims in its highest poetry is a sublimity so familiar, so touching, and so simple that every one is inclined at first to fancy that he could have found it himself without trouble. The diction of French verse of the finest sort is not, therefore, what Wordsworth called "a poetic diction." Instead of the ornateness, force and heightened tone of the grand style, it possesses the simplicity, the ease and the naturalness, and, above all, the indefinable grace of manner of courtly speech. It is "a selection of the real language of men," in Wordsworth's famous phrase, or, in Corneille's equally memorable definition, "la conversation des honnêtes gens." Its chief virtue is its transparency. Nothing in it is very richly colored; everything is finely shaded in diaphanous tints.

*Prends l'éloquence, et tords-lui son cou,*  
said Verlaine,

*Car nous voulons rien que la nuance,*  
*Pas la couleur, la nuance encor.*

And along with this transparency of style there goes an incomparably aerial lightness of music. To quote again from Verlaine, who, in this and in other matters, recovered, apparently by mere fineness of ear, ancient traditions of French verse lingering only in folk-song, or hidden away in dusty collections of mediæval poetry:

*De la musique encore et toujours!*  
*Que ton vers soit la chose envolée,*  
*Qu'on sent qui fuit d'une âme en al-*  
*lée*  
*Vers d'autres cieux, à d'autres amours.*

*Que ton vers soit la bonne aventure*  
*Epars au vent crispé du matin,*  
*Qui va fleurant la menthe et le*  
*thym. . . .*  
*Et tout le reste est littérature.*

It is a common mistake to regard French poetry as a thing of very formal harmonies. It really contains the most varied measures "ever moulded by the lips of man." If it has a defect, this defect is not that it is too formal, but that it is too lawless. Its inner melody is the freest in any poetry. It floats above the rhythm of the numbered syllables with as wild a sweetness as the elfin note of a black-cap's song floats above the measured murmur of a woodland stream. The secondary accent in French verse is very light and irregular, and its position in the ordered array of words changes with the flow of poetic feelings and marks their wayward course. Its lightness makes for an aerial quality of music; its irregularity for an inexhaustible wealth of rhythmical combinations. It frequently fails to coincide with the primary accent that falls on the last sonorous syllable of words, and it is this disagreement which endows the French language with its unrivalled suppleness and variety.

These peculiar advantages, however, entail peculiar disadvantages. French

blank verse is not verse at all, as M. Maeterlinck and other modern experimenters in new rhythms have sadly discovered. The unstable French accents cannot by themselves, however skilfully they are placed, give to French poetry the structure which distinguishes it from prose. The fetters of rhyme are necessary to this end, and few writers, except La Fontaine, have been able safely to dispense with the additional aid and encumbrance of a regular metre. On the other hand, what a countless number of delicate variations in tone and rhythm a great French poet can produce with that most hackneyed of rhymed measures, the Alexandrine! Racine, to my mind, is the master enchanter. I agree with all that Mr. J. C. Bailey says of the genius of La Fontaine, in his admirable illuminating work on "The Claims of French Poetry," just published by Messrs. Constable and Co. There is no poet more generally agreeable than the author of the inimitable "Fables." La Fontaine appeals to everybody: to those happiest of mortals, children, with their unspoilt taste for the very best of stories; to the rather disillusioned student of the human comedy, with a relish for gay irony; and to the fastidious amateur of the finer delicacies of literature. He has a wonderfully easy command of styles of very diverse character. His picture of Aurora,

Par de calmes vapeurs mollement soutenue,  
Sa tête sur son bras, et son bras sur la nue,  
Laisant tomber des fleurs, et ne les semant pas,

has the *morbidezza* of a painting by Correggio. His sketches of

Les forêts, les eaux, les prairies,  
Mères des douces rêveries,

with here and there a quiet shadowed river,

Image d'un sommeil doux, paisible, et tranquille,

are landscapes seen, like those of Corot, across a tenderly poetic temperament. And with what a grandly romantic effect he introduces into the midst of a description of a fashionable dinner party his conception of a sea-monster,

assez vieux pour lui dire  
Tous les noms des chercheurs de mondes inconnus  
Qui n'en étaient pas revenus,  
Et que depuis cent ans sous l'abîme  
avaient vus  
Les anciens du vaste empire!

Yet, though I am ready to allow that the work of La Fontaine is supremely charming within its well-defined limits, I would not rank him, in a general way, with Racine. Fine as his verse is, it lacks the magic of the long, silvery, soft and thrilling violin tones of the prince of French poets. And Racine's diction! There is nothing in English literature remotely analogous to it, except, perhaps—it is a strange comparison, I admit—the diction of Newman's earliest and best prose, the prose of the "Parochial Sermons." It has scarcely any color, scarcely any ornament, or abrupt, violent movement. Even lines with a brilliant point, such as that in "Mithridate,"

N'en attendez jamais qu'une poëse sanguinaire,

are uncommon. In the austerity of Racine's style there is reflected somewhat of the spirit of the rigorous teachers who seized his youth,

And purged its flame, and trimmed its fire,

the great religious reformers of Port Royal, the companions of Pascal. But beneath the apparent monotony of his poetry there is a life as intense as that

subsisting beneath the apparent monotony of Newman's prose, and it is revealed in the same subtle way, by an infinitely varied, delicate and expressive gradation of rhythm. Racine breaks up his Alexandrines into phrases as flowing and melodious as those of Lamartine. For instance, his son, Louis, after complaining that foreigners always divided the lines wrongly in the middle, marked the following pauses in the opening passage of "Athalie":

Oui, Je viens || dans son temple adorer  
l'Eternel; ||  
Je viens, || selon l'usage antique et  
solennel, ||  
Célébrer avec vous || la fameuse jour-  
née  
Où sur le mont Sina la foi nous fut  
donnée. ||  
Que les temps sont changés! || Sitôt que  
de ce jour  
La trompette sacrée annonçait le re-  
tour, ||  
Du temple, || orné partout de festons  
magnifiques, ||  
Le peuple saint || en foule inondait les  
portiques. ||

These pauses, however, relate only to the formal rhythm. What gives to Racine's verse its proper beauty is the exquisite inner music of its overtones, composed of the wavering play of the lighter accents and of the warbling sounds of harmonious syllables, as in the passage beginning:

Songe, songe, Céphise, de cette nuit  
cruelle,

or in Phèdre's cry:

Ariane ma sœur! de quel amour blessée  
Vous mourûtes aux bords où vous fûtes  
laissée!

Racine is a man trained to be a director of souls and diverted to the business of the stage. He has the deep sense of sin and the learned insight

into the dark and winding recesses of the human heart of a Port Royalist, and these qualities he strangely combines with the extreme passionateness and sensibility of a worldly sort which led to his defection. The result is that no other playwright has so subtle and delicate an instrument for psychological analysis as he has, and, I think, no novelist. For it seems to me that he as much excels Mr. George Meredith and Mr. Henry James in the art of psychology as he does in the art of clear expression. He is the last in date of the five greatest dramatists of the world, and, no doubt, he is the lowest in rank. Still, he is intensely interesting, and intensely interesting in a very modern way. He sees life as we see it, analytically, and he paints it thus incomparably.

There can be little dispute that English verse of the last three-quarters of a century has suffered from the lack of French influence. Our poetic drama has become, in Beddoe's phrase, a haunted ruin, and our general poetry, in spite of the splendid traditions of our earlier romantic school, has failed either in the matter of ideas or in the matter of form. French verse of the same period, on the other hand, has been fertilized by English influence, and it has developed into the greatest of living literary forces, and produced, in Victor Hugo, as Tennyson and Mr. Swinburne have generously acknowledged, the master singer of the age. And, in my opinion, it has produced also in Verlaine the most poignant and musical of lyrical poets since Goethe and Shelley.

If we wish to recover our ancient position we must study, as Chaucer did, the art of diction among the only people, beside the Greeks, with a fine, sure and native sense of style, and we must study above all the great dramatist in whose plays all the best qualities of the French mind are displayed. A

good and a deep effect will, I hope, be produced by Mr. J. C. Bailey's scholarly and entertaining essays on "The Claims of French Poetry," and by Mr. St. John Lucas's sound and brilliant anthology,

*The Contemporary Review.*

"The Oxford Book of French Verse." Both works happily co-operate at the critical moment to awaken and direct the general taste.

*Edward Wright.*

## THE CHARACTER OF THE ANGLO-SAXON.

To gain a clear idea of the character of one's own nation, and to estimate it impartially, is always difficult, almost as difficult as for a child to estimate the character of his own parents. When we return from a prolonged stay among the people of a foreign land the characteristics of one's own people are, perhaps, most vividly brought before us. I never realized so distinctly the super-abundant energy of the Anglo-Saxon as when, after returning from Russia, whose people are so slow and patient and resigned, I was encountered at the London railway station by a porter who seemed by comparison to be a whirlwind of ferocious energy. I never realized so keenly how awkward, rowdy and ungracious our English energy often is as when I again returned to London after spending a few months among the grave sweet kindly people of Spain, for whom the idea of vulgarity seems to have no existence.

It is, however, the spectator who sees most of the game, and there can be no doubt that a foreign observer is far better able to estimate the character of a nation, its virtues and its vices, than is a native of equal intellectual ability. It is often amusing to observe how an Englishman, who may be steeped in prejudices on such questions of domestic policy as the position of Ireland or the functions of trades unions, will discuss the condition of Finland or the prospects of social revolution in Italy with calm and luminous political sagacity, an inflexible assertion of the demands of justice and common-sense. He enables us to realize

that the opinions of the instructed foreigner about our affairs may often possess a judicial impartiality on matters concerning which our own opinions are necessarily clouded by the fumes from personal, party or patriotic feelings of all kinds.

The recent books, dealing more or less with the character of the English and the position of England among the nations, which have lately been written by such eminent political, historical, and philosophical students as Boutmy, Fouillée and Emil Reich serve very well to illustrate these general considerations. There can be no doubt that the somewhat conflicting parts played by England in the history of the world during the last few years have attracted a certain amount of careful study abroad. The sudden inflation of our Imperialistic ambitions, and in contrast with this the immense efforts which our great Empire found it necessary to put forth in order to subdue a handful of farmers in South Africa, the wild jubilation which a conquest so little calculated to flatter Imperialistic vanity called forth among us, the sudden reaction to despondency, the loudly proclaimed belief that the Empire was falling to decay and could only be saved by the reversal of the fiscal policy which in former days had brought us prosperity—all these things have inevitably been the subject of study to outside observers.

It can scarcely be said that the conclusions of our foreign critics go far to support either of the extreme parties among us; our pessimism, they seem to



say, is as uncalled for as our optimism. They tell us—and I believe they tell us truly—that natural conditions, and the special racial elements of our people have made the English nation in the past a school of initiative, of activity, of forethought, of self-control, and that the effect of these deeply-rooted tendencies cannot be quickly lost or overcome. They declare indeed that the position of England is much more stable than that of the English-speaking communities over sea, for these are not really young peoples with unexpended stores of energy, but the offshoots of a mature race planted in a region to which they do not belong, and it is by no means certain that the new conditions will prove as permanently favorable to Anglo-Saxon development as have those of England. But while the position of England is thus regarded as assured for some time to come, no support is offered to those who dream of a total change in the position of England in the world. It has always to be remembered that the past century has seen a remarkable increase of the tenacity and inflexibility with which other nations cling to their language and national characters. The readiness to accept French influence which was so marked in the eighteenth century, the readiness to accept English influence at the beginning of the nineteenth, alike belong to the past. Nations now-a-days may respect, even admire, each other, but they show not the slightest tendency to abandon their own individuality but rather seek to cultivate it. The notion that English would some day be accepted as the world's language has now been abandoned, and the belief that by the natural expansion of our race our language would inevitably become the world's language begins to look foolish in view of the fact that the rapid fall of the birth-rate in all the English-speaking lands renders it the problem

of the future not so much how to enlarge but how to maintain our position. These foreign observers point out, moreover—again, I think, truly—that we English always remain a peculiarly individualistic race, that we are not very capable of mixing with other races, and not apt to comprehend other races, while we show little grip of that conception of the solidarity of the world which is essential in a people undertaking to organize mankind at large.

There is, however, another aspect of national character which has struck some foreign observers but is often overlooked. It is an aspect which I constantly recall to myself, for, in common with others who realize the very real importance of heredity in human affairs, I find it necessary to remind myself that heredity is not everything. A nation's character is not a constant quality, but to some extent varies from age to age in harmony with changing circumstances which arouse, modify or depress its energies, and may even eliminate altogether very characteristic elements of its population. The heredity remains, but the soil on which the seeds are cast is different. Spain has passed through many phases of character, yet the constitution of the nation has changed very little. The Egyptians, once at the head of civilization, now play no part in it, yet they are believed by anthropologists to be practically the same people. The example of Rome may perhaps be instructive, for, as a distinguished Roman man of science, Professor Sergi, declares, the English are the modern Romans. The Romans were no doubt somewhat modified by external racial influences, yet we do well to remember the extraordinary changes which Roman character underwent as the hardy and simple Roman of the Republic became the excitable and luxurious Roman of the Empire—clamoring to the State for

food and games—and finally the cowardly and feeble Roman of the decline and fall.

England has not escaped equally decided transitions of national character. It is a remarkable fact that before the eighteenth century, foreign visitors to our shores were constantly struck by the indolence and distaste for work shown by our lower classes; they were like the Spaniards, it was said, and it is not without significance that some of our characteristic industries were introduced by a constant influx of Flemings. There is no reason to suppose our character has become stationary. Boutmy has recently pointed out that in many respects the English of to-day are totally unlike the English of a century ago. To some extent he seems to imply that there has been an eruption of barbarism in England. He means to say that power and public opinion instead of being, as it was a century ago, mainly centred in the upper classes has been democratized among a vast multitude who do not possess the old traditions, and whose education is still narrow and imperfect, so that they are apt to be swept away, as the stolid Englishman of an earlier day seldom was, by sudden momentary emotions or by the assertiveness of some dominating political personality, while the modern English press, instead of taking the part of leader and educator, has often been content merely to voice the mood of the crowd. Hence, we are told, the eruption of a new barbarism. There is undoubtedly some truth in this point of view, but it is not the whole of the truth. The change in modern England is not entirely due to democratization or to the spread of a superficial veneer of education; it is due in even larger measure to urbanization. That is to say that whereas a century ago we were a nation of people who mainly lived in the country, we are now a nation which mainly lives in the large

towns. This is an influence that makes not for but against barbarism, as the very word "urbane" clearly expresses. Social sympathy, mutual consideration, the love of order and decorum, even the passion for amusement and public festivity—all these being characteristics which have grown wonderfully in our cities during recent years—are the inevitable outcome of urban life, and they are of the essence of civilization. Undoubtedly, however they may improve our relations to each other, they do not much improve our relations to foreign peoples, and the urban excitability which quickens our sympathies with everything that takes place before our eyes may easily turn to ferocity when nothing but the invisible and remote is concerned. The urban spirit, therefore, which now prevails in England, while it involves social progress, and while it enlarges popular ideas and ambitions, by no means better fits us to take a larger place in the affairs of the world.

What then shall we do? Is it better to go with the mob, to be mad with them that are mad, to yield to the influences of the moment without looking before or after? Or is it wiser to struggle against the febrile movements we see around us, and to fight for the restoration of the conditions that prevailed in the past? To many of us, it is probable, neither of these courses seems the path of reason. We cannot, if we would, be blind to the real significance of the movements of our times, while we know that life never stands still, and that we could not restore the past even if we were sure it was in all respects worthy of restoration. There is, however, another way open to us. We know that a nation, like an individual, cannot in old age hope for success by the brute force and vigor which brought it success in youth. But along other and better lines, an immense progress is still open to us.

in the world of intelligence, of science, of art, of social organization, the cultivation of all that makes humanity, of all that is bound up in the complex word *civilization*—in this sphere it is still possible to lead the world, and even to lead the world's rulers, whoever they may prove to be.

It may seem to some that this is not altogether a triumphant outlook. One may even be told that it is the outlook of the Little-Englander. It cannot, however, be too often repeated that greatness is a matter of quality and not of quantity. England was never so great as when she boldly faced the mighty Empire of Spain, or when her own children slew each other for conscience sake in the days of Charles I. Those among us who can point to ancestors who fought at Agincourt, and sailed the seas in Elizabeth's days, and struggled and suffered on one side or the other in the great Civil War, may well afford to feel some disdain when our patriotism is questioned because we do not grow delirious with joy over achievements which compared with those are very small indeed. In any case, however, it remains true that many circumstances have during recent years combined to render our outlook, if we are wise, more sober. And at the

present moment not only is Great Britain but all Europe compelled to realize the growth of a new force which must inevitably check its development. However much we may sympathize with the success of the young Japanese nation in learning the lessons that Europe has taught, we still have to recognize that that success is a blow dealt at the whole of Europe. It is not true that there is any "yellow peril," but it is undoubtedly true that Asia has now said to Europe: Hitherto and no further! and every non-European people begins to take heart. Whatever the quarrels of European nations among themselves may be, we have to recognize that the giant who guards Europe in the East, and alone maintains a foothold for Europe on that Pacific shore which in the future will assuredly be the centre of the world, has for the moment been heavily stricken. Such a blow to Russia at the hands of Asiatics is a blow to the prestige of all Europe, a blow from which it will perhaps never again recover. It is far too early to speak of the passing of Europe as a predominant world-force. But it would be foolish to hide from ourselves that we Europeans have seen a writing on the wall that is not hard to decipher.

*Havelock Ellis.*

*The Independent Review.*

## THE SECOND DEGREE.

### CHAPTER IV.

The Chief of Staff sat deep in thought, trying to recall a now far-distant epoch of his past life—his schoolboy days. Slowly it came back to him, bit by bit, each reminiscence of the old life drawing another in its train. He recollected the house, the masters, and many of those utterly unimportant details which cling to the memory—the shape of the cracks in the dormitory ceiling at which he used

to stare on the late Sunday mornings, the hot stuffy smell of the schoolroom on a summer afternoon, even the taste of the pale and watered ink with which he used to cover his fingers. He recalled many of his schoolfellows, amongst them one rather older than himself—a foreigner. There were a good many foreigners at that school. Partly owing to his nationality, but more to his disposition, this boy was heartily disliked. He was called the

"Ferret." Yes, yes, he now well remembered the Ferret—his thick crop of stiff red hair, his pale face, pale eyes, and, above all, his pointed nose, with a dividing line down its tip, which was always pink and quivering like a young rat's. Yes, he remembered him. What a curious beast he was: a bit of a sportsman too in his own way, but it was not the way of others. Reserved, untruthful, and conceited—a disconcerting element and a perpetual mystery to the boys as well as to the masters. There were other sneaks, other liars, other queer youths at the school, which was mixed enough, but their characters were transparent in comparison with the Ferret's. His chief peculiarity was that though he sometimes lied, he often told the truth. It was also his success, for no one knew which way to take him, and he always attained his object when he wished to deceive.

The General had arrived so far step by step, but it was not enough. There was something more he wished to recall, some special incident which would give the complete clue to his school-fellow's character. Strive as he would, and though he felt it at the back of his mind, he could not entice this special reminiscence from its cell in his brain. It was most exasperating. As he fidgetted he felt for the first time the attacks of the midges hovering about his head: he lit a cigar in self-defence, in the hope also that perhaps it might soothe his nerves and make his memory work.

But no. He could not recall this thing. He looked at his watch. Time was going, and here he was within an ace of the clue to the situation, the key to victory and perhaps to the fate of a nation for generations.

Always excitable and impatient, he now made no effort to keep calm even in the hope of beguiling his memory. The wound in his head began to throb.

Swearing softly, he got out of his chair, strode across the road, and started to walk into the little plantation on the other side, but had not gone ten paces before his head struck the branch of a tree with a force that made him reel. He stopped muttering, and heard some heavy object fall into the long grass at his feet. He was dizzy, and without any reason stooped and picked up the thing. It was an unripe apple. Absently placing it to his nose, he sniffed.

Like a flash the scent took him back across the space of years—back, back to the dusty class-room. It was afternoon, and the room smelt strong of apples.

The General stood petrified, apple to nostril, eyes closed, for now he was getting near it. Yes, the schoolroom reeked of apple; there were apple-cores lying all about and numerous boys munching. One—the Ferret—approached him and jeeringly offered him a core; he could remember the nasty expression—the pink twitching nose. Now he had it!

As he stood there in the dark in that orchard the smell of the apple projected a series of pictures upon his mental retina as clear as those of a cinematograph, and now they came in logical, chronological sequence.

He well remembered that autumn afternoon when his boyish heart had been torn between two desires—either to go to a certain orchard to get the last of some special apples, or else to pay a visit to an old lady who gave teas that were celebrated. He could not do both things. He wanted the tea; but of the whole school he and the Ferret alone knew of this special apple-tree, and he dared not pay the visit in case the other should clear off the fruit. If the Ferret would wait, he could have his good tea; if not, it would have to be postponed. He met the Ferret and asked him point-blank if he was going

for the fruit. He could recall the very words of the puzzling answer, given with a disconcerting smile—

"Of course I am, youngster. Yes, get every one of them, and sell what I can't eat. What d'you think?"

This was so obviously chaff that he went off to pay the visit and eat his tea with a light heart.

The old dame was not at home. He got no tea, and returned cold, tired, and hungry—to be offered a gnawed apple-core in the schoolroom. He could see the cores now lying about the room and almost feel the hail of shiny pips with which he was bombarded.

His subsequent onslaught on the Ferret had only resulted in his own discomfiture. But the explanation?

Ah, yes! It was when he got his hamper. He had been very keen to learn the Ferret's system of misleading people better by truth than by lies, and had finally extracted a promise of revelation in exchange for a cake, a cake on top of which the almonds simply jostled, and a two-bladed pocket-knife with a shiny black handle. Having taken payment in kind beforehand and eaten one-half of the price, the Ferret had one night—the last night but one of the term—come and sat on the edge of his bed and told him his Theory of Scoring, as he called it. How unpleasant his pale face had looked in the moonlight, all checkered by the shadows of the bars of the diamond-paned window, and how glibly he had talked as he ran his hands through his fiery hair.

He did not mind giving his theory away, he had said, for it was his last term. To *get on* it was necessary to be ahead of every one else, to anticipate what they would think or would do, to know their natures, and he added a good deal more stuff which then appeared to be sheer nonsense. He concluded by saying that lying—good lying—was useful in moderation, and his

last words were: "To a stranger I never lie till I am forced—then I lie well; the other man thinks I am telling the truth—and is misled. That's the First Degree of Cunning. Next time I wish to deceive that man, I tell the truth. He, of course, thinks that I am lying, and so is again misled—the Second Degree. If I wish to——" But his listener had had enough of the Ferret's rubbish and cut him short. How angry he had been, for he did not understand this rigmorole, and thought it nonsense. How he had vainly demanded his knife back—the cake was eaten,—and how he had received another thrashing in his endeavor to get it. It all came back now so clearly.

The Ferret had departed next day but one, and he had never seen him again or heard of him since; but the way in which he had been, as he considered, cheated out of his knife had long rankled. It was not for some years afterwards that he had seen any sense in his philosophy.

That was the Ferret with his "First and Second Degree." If this man now against them were the Ferret, and there could be no doubt of it, his nature would at bottom, at the crises of life, be the same. Given the occasion, he would act in the same way. The General looked at his watch, for he was going to take his full time in considering the matter, relit his smoke, and paced up and down the dusty road, again running the Ferret's philosophy over in his mind to make absolutely certain. As he did this the humor of the situation gradually struck him—the incongruity between the immense issues at stake and the things he was trying to recall appeared ghastly, then ludicrous. He smiled. His appreciation of the gravity of affairs and his vindictive feelings were struggling against his strong sense of humor. It was only after some effort that he calmed himself sufficiently to go in and



see his Chief. The task before him of explaining this thing to his unimaginative senior was sufficiently hard without prejudicing himself in the other's eyes by any misplaced levity.

Throwing away his cigar, he went towards the house with a firm step, and as he crossed the beams of the head-quarter lanterns it was not a pleasant face that flashed out three times crimson against the darkness.

#### CHAPTER V.

It was past midnight, and the Field-Marshal was sadly studying the fully flagged map now hung up on the wall of his private room.

From a short distance the sheet of paper gave a very good pictorial representation of what the positions of the two forces would be next day. One might have supposed that a pattern had been traced on it in some sweet and sticky substance upon which large colored flies had settled and stuck. Running about due east and west in a curve with its convexity northwards, were two lines of these flies, blue and yellow, facing each other. In the yellow were two conspicuous clusters or knots, one right up on the line towards the centre, and the other much thicker, towards the eastern end and some way back from the front. These were the enemy's concentrations; that on the centre, ascertained and visible—the sham attack; the other, conjectured only—the real attack. The blue flies were slightly crowded at each end of the line where it curled back, and, to meet the real attack, there was a dense cloud on the east retired from the front. The position of this concentration was such that, should the opposite crowd of yellows press forward and penetrate the blue line, they would in their turn be fallen upon and overwhelmed.

This gaudy picture was the result of deep calculation and immense work on the part of its artists—the general staff

at headquarters, and of superhuman efforts on the part of the troops—the blue flies.

The old man gazed steadily at it. Though its color scheme was perhaps a trifle crude, yet till a short half-hour ago its composition and values had seemed so excellent—and now, possibly all this labor had been in vain, or even worse than in vain.

A quick step outside and the Chief of Staff entered with an impetuosity strange in a tired and convalescent man at this time of night.

"Well?"

"Now, sir, I can tell you something definite. I said I knew him of the red hair. I have now placed him exactly, and can give you the *man*."

"What's the use? Tell me what he's going to do, not what he's like."

"Quite so. I will give you the boy, his nature, and the way his mind worked. This will give us his personal equation; from that——"

"Yes, I see; but I am afraid, my dear fellow, you are still as madly keen as ever on the 'personal equation.' I am a bit shaken in my belief,—but go on, please."

The two sat down facing each other across the table, a candle on either hand, while the General as clearly and as briefly as possible and without details laid bare to his Chief the Ferret's soul—as he estimated it.

During his bald statement he labored under the effort of intense restraint, for however natural the different steps by which his memory worked had appeared to him when trying to recall his school-days, they did not well lend themselves to words. Now he was talking to another man—an especially stolid man—the contrast between his boyish escapades—apples, pocket-knives, and cakes—and the supreme gravity of the present situation struck him with increased force. It was all he could do to keep from laughing, for

his self-control, through the present and past tension on his nerves, was no longer what it had been. He already saw something more than interested wonder in the eyes of his matter-of-fact Chief, and this look warned him off any picturesque details. With an effort he at last logically worked up to his end, and finished almost calmly—

"That was the boy, sir, and that must be a good deal of the man!"

There was silence for a few moments.

"Yes, knowledge like that has been used in war, certainly——"

"Since the days of Hannibal, at the very least."

"I have also heard something of that theory of cunning before," mused the senior.

"Probably. One Bacon once wrote on the subject. That's what made me think that there was more in it than I had first imagined, and that perhaps after all I had not let that knife go so cheap——"

He stopped with a jerk and a suppressed snigger which made him cough.

"Knife? What knife?"

"Nothing, sir; that's quite another matter, which does not at all concern the question," was the hasty reply. Fortunately the Field-Marshal had no petty curiosity, and did not press the point; but he eyed his friend keenly before he continued—

"Now, are we quite sure that this man is the Ferret—your Ferret?"

"It must be—same name, same red hair, same foxy nose. These corroborative facts—Independent details—make a mathematical certainty. In fact, all works out so pat that it smacks of the strawberry-mark and the long-lost br-r-r-other of the play!"

"Yes, so I was thinking."

"However, that does not vitiate facts. You have seen the man yourself—indeed *you* gave me the details, so they have not been imagined by a visionary

faddist to fit in with some preconceived theory."

"Yes, the appearance is certainly correct. I knew the man well by sight."

"And I knew the boy by sight, and all through."

"Well, well. It may be—it may be. Anyway, we have nothing else." He sighed. "Supposing this is the Ferret, and that he is unchanged—to come to actualities—what then? It means, of course, that—that——"

The quicker nature here broke in,—  
"That as he has not fought against you before, and as you do not know him, he will deceive you in the simplest way; in other words, he will use the First Degree. For two days now he has carried on his predecessor's dispositions and is visibly, nay blatantly, massing against your centre,—" he waved his hand in an excited gesture at the map; as he did so his senior noticed, to his bewilderment, that he was clutching a green apple,—  
"therefore he will not attack there. He will attack our right! ! !"

The Field-Marshal pondered. This was going quick with a vengeance, and his mind worked more slowly than that of his friend. As he thought over it, half carried away by the other's personality and fervor, his eyes were fixed on the apple.

"M' yes, so it appears to work out. But how about you? Won't he know you are here—you, his old school-fellow?"

"You forget that I am dead! That idea of mine may be our trump-card."

"Yes, I forgot that. It turns out luckily though, for our present arrangements stand good, and we can carry on as we are doing. It is more than lucky, it is providential; I doubt if we should now have time to alter. I don't see how we can do better than to work on your theory—wild though it seems. Right or wrong, we must choose a course and follow it through

unreservedly. We may be wrong—that will mean failure, if not defeat; but if we simply wait, equally strong all along the line, for a further sign of the enemy's intentions, we are *certain* of failure." He paused. "Yes, I'll do it. We will carry on as we are against a real attack on our right." He sighed again—more from relief than from anything else.

"It's the obvious course, I think, sir."

"We can do no more at present—everything is in train. Thank God it works out this way! Of course it pans out as I thought all along, but that despatch certainly did upset me for a bit. I was like a ship without a compass." His tone had again become cheerful, almost smug, for he had something tangible to fight against, and having again come to a conclusion he again ceased to fear. He continued: "But it certainly does seem far-fetched. The tactical scheme of an army based on what a schoolboy once said many years ago!" He chuckled.

The other did not reply; the older man's last remarks reawakened his sense of the ludicrous, so far successfully repressed; he could not speak. He felt his self-control slipping away.

The Field-Marshal, still chuckling, carefully chose a cigar from his case, and drew from his pocket a knife—a two-bladed knife with a black horn handle, just like— This was too much. The General began to giggle.

"Eh?" said the other without looking up.

"Hee-hee-hee," was the reply.

The Field-Marshal gazed in surprise at his friend—surprise mingled with misgiving, for this giggling, coupled to the reasonless clutch on an unripe apple, seemed to denote some lack of balance—perhaps his wound?

"Ha-ha-ha"—and like an upheaval of nature the reaction took place. The General roared. He lay back in his

chair and roared louder. He walked up and down the room, holding the apple at arms'-length, and shrieked in idiotic tones—

"A pocket-knife—a *two-bladed* pocket-knife, apples, and a cake?"

The Field-Marshal dropped his cigar and stood up. His first feeling was one of extreme anger, for it certainly looked as if his old friend was presuming on their mutual affection in order to play the fool at a most inopportune moment; but he had never known him to be a practical joker. A second glance showed him that there was no fooling here, and his look changed to one of pity for his overwrought subordinate. Men often get unstrung on active service, and he was not surprised at this case, for before being wounded the strain on the Chief of Staff had been terrible, and for such a highly-strung man to start work again so soon after recovery was most unwise; those quick nervous men will always wear themselves to bits. The shrieks of the hysterical General were now ringing through the night, and one or two officers came running in to ascertain the cause of the uproar. Laying the now panting man on the floor, they tore open his collar and threw water over him. Finally bursting into tears, he recovered as quickly as he had broken down. As he began a string of profuse but unnecessary apologies—for a nervous breakdown is common enough—the other officers quietly withdrew.

The two sat on for some minutes, while the sufferer collected himself. The Field-Marshal's qualms as to the other's sanity had now vanished, and he cordially assented when the General got up, saying—

"If you have done with me, sir, I think I will try and snatch some sleep."

"Yes, certainly," and he added as the other reached the door, "get a sleep while you can: you may have no chance

to-morrow. Dream of how we shall defeat the Ferret—lying brute!"

Something in the tone of the last words made the hearer stop. From the phlegmatic Field-Marshal, even though he were worked up, they seemed spiteful, if not abusive.

He turned his head. "Why do *you* call him a lying brute, sir?"

"Good Lord, man, haven't you been spending the best part of half an hour trying to convince me of his lying character?"

"Yes, certainly. I know him to be a lying brute, but you do not. You speak bitterly, as if you had some personal reason for calling him that. Have you?"

"Why, yes, I have. All this talk about the fellow has reminded me of a good deal that I had forgotten. The man did lie to me badly once when I was attaché—about something or other, I don't—"

The other whipped round. "Has lied to you?"

"Yes, yes, I tell you. He—" but the Field-Marshal did not finish, for the General, glaring fiercely, stalked slowly up to the table and hit it such a blow with his clenched fist that the candles jumped out of their sockets and fell over still burning. He then thrust his face across the table to within a few inches of his astonished senior's, and said in the crescendo whisper of forced calm—

"Do—you—know—sir—what—that—means?"

The elder man's fears for his friend's reason returned in tenfold force. Certainly, as he stood there in the gloom with his face covered with a slime composed of dust and water, leaning across the table, and his clenched fist—still holding the apple—in a pool of rapidly congealing candle-grease, he looked almost dangerous.

The Field-Marshal held on to his chair. He was momentarily at a loss.

The other answered his own question.

"That was his first bout with you!"

"Oh! Now I see what *you* are driving at; but he will never remember."

"Won't he? He always remembers everything, and will think you do too."

"Then—?"

"He will play his Second Degree—and—will—attack—the—centre!"

"Ah!"

There was no more sleep for the tired telegraphist or for any one else at headquarters that night. War is a Jugger-naut that reckons not of the weariness of individuals, and it was high noon next day before the click of the typewriters, the tap of telegraph keys, and the smack of the "wireless" had abated. By that time, too, many of the pretty blue flies on the map might have been seen in the sunlight to have danced round to a fresh pattern—nearer the centre of the picture.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Three mornings later. In response to the clamor of the guns the weather has broken. Though the rain has tailed off into drizzle, the ground is still sopping and the bushes drip sadly as the damp breeze shakes them.

Behind the wayside railway station, in the centre of the valley, rise a circle of purple hills, and above and beyond them again heavy clouds are hanging. A thread of blue smoke, bullied by the rain, quivers up from the station buildings, and the sodden flag hanging limp from its staff close by gives an occasional sad flap as a puff of air galvanizes it into momentary life. Though sodden with rain, its colors can be recognized as those of the Field-Marshal's headquarters—now moved on far from the village inn. A cavalcade winds slowly over the hills to the left, and approaches. As they get closer it can be seen that nearly all the bedraggled men composing it are officers, though

not all their horses are officers' mounts. They must indeed have been scratched together anyhow. Some are troop horses, others are most palpable of "hairies" which have long known the drag of gun or wagon, but all are alike in their weary dejection as they stumble over rocks and slither down the slippery clay of the hillside. In spite of their evident fatigue and discomfort an air of smothered satisfaction sits on the faces of all but a few of the party. The dejected ones are riding in the centre, and as far as the universal coating of mud allows of comparison they appear to be wearing a different uniform. At their head rides a slight man, hatless, and as he turns his head his bushy crop of red hair presents the only spot of color in the sombre picture. Though his eyes are cast down and the whole of his sharp-featured face is expressive of hopeless perplexity, yet he supplies also the only touch of briskness, for in spite of the damp his moustache retains its stiff upward curl. This man is the captured commander of the defeated army,

Blackwood's Magazine.

who, with a few survivors from his staff, is on his way to surrender to his vanquisher.

As the cavalcade approaches the flagstaff the challenging neigh of a horse suddenly rings out from behind the house, and the air is filled with the shrill noise of the chorus in reply. Ears are pricked, nostrils quiver, bits jingle, and as regards horseflesh the appearance of the dismal party is transformed. A small knot of mounted men appears from behind the house. It is the Field-Marshal coming out to receive the surrender of his foe. A few moments and the parties halt as the leaders alone ride forward. Courteously they salute in silence, and then as the vanquished man faces his victor, perplexity is still stronger on his face than any other emotion. Then his glance passes the Field-Marshal and falls upon a tall man with a scarred face riding behind. It turns to a stare. A gleam of recognition, of comprehension—almost of relief—comes slowly into his tired eyes.

He recognizes his real conqueror!

"Ole Luk-Oie."

## GERMANY'S NAVAL EXPANSION.

Time was in Germany when the introduction of a new Navy Law was regarded as an epoch-making event. For weeks before the actual measure was published comment was rife in the columns of the Press, and when the details of the scheme became known the newspapers discussed them at length, enthusiastically or deprecatingly according to the journal's political shade. When therefore a measure of the importance of the new Navy Bill, which was recently so unobtrusively adopted by the Reichstag, is discussed by the Press in cold uncolored language, and the attempt is even made to diminish its significance, it is not unreasonable to suppose that there are

motives underlying this reserve. And it is in cases such as this that the negative advantages of a subservient Press are appreciated. In a country like Germany, where in matters of international policy the leading articles are practically bespoken work, the political observer is almost entirely dependent on his powers of deduction to form a judgment on current events where considerations of public interest impose the ban of silence on the Press. And such silence is golden indeed.

The introduction of the new Navy Bill coincided with two other outstanding features of the present situation. The one is now a matter of past history—the eradication of General Keim from



the Navy League in the interests of the further unceasing development of the German navy undisturbed by international irritation, which the League did so much to promote; the other is of highly actual interest, but here again deductions must be made from negative results. At the present moment a trial of strength of the highest importance to the future of the British as well as of the German Empire is going on to secure the supremacy of the sea. Experience has taught the Germans (*post multos annos*) that comment, whether it be in the tone of injured innocence or of arrogant Anglophobia, is a sound argument in the hands of the supporters of the two-Power standard in Great Britain. Therefore in the present naval controversy the Germans *contingere omnes intentique ora tenebant*. They are content to watch very eagerly it is true, but for that the more silently. The hush with which the Navy Law was whisked through the Reichstag was only broken by the speedily muffled roll of the Navy League tomtom.

It looked so harmless, that little document filling barely a column of the official gazette. It was left to the naval critics to breathe on the dry bones of that gulleless little *Flottennovelle* and give life to the mighty fleet of which it is the skeleton. The Bill is certainly very short, merely providing that the life of battleships and cruisers be reduced from twenty-five to twenty years. Hitherto the rate of replacement has been twenty-five years for battleships, twenty for large cruisers, and fifteen for small cruisers. The general tendency of the new measure is therefore to increase the rate of construction for the whole fleet, so that although the building programme, now fixed until 1917, will not according to present arrangements show an increase as the result of the measure when that year is reached, Germany will be in

possession of a magnificent fleet of brand-new ships at a very much earlier date than is provided in the existing programme. However, it is not for a moment to be supposed that the German Government is going to wait until 1917 before asking for further increases, notably in the way of large cruisers. The fact that after 1911 the programme only provides for one battleship a year may be taken as a sure sign that the Government will come forward with fresh demands in 1912. That a pause will even be made until 1911, when the existing programme is exhausted, is scarcely likely; that of course depends a good deal on Prince Bülow's famous "Blöc." Admiral von Tirpitz himself has assured the National Liberals that if they will procure the majority in the Reichstag, the Admiralty will willingly draw up a fresh programme for the period from 1912 to 1917 (the 1908 Act extends until the latter date), in accordance with the party's desire to give Germany a fleet whose ships are, in size and armament at least, equal to those of other nations. This assurance alone makes it difficult to believe in the sincerity of a generally logical people like the Germans, when they assure us that they have no aspirations to wrest from England the supremacy of the sea. But taken in conjunction with the new Act, which avowedly aims at hastening the construction of a colossal fleet to protect German commerce against attacks which can only exist in the fevered imaginations of persons of the Keim calibre, Admiral von Tirpitz's statements in the Reichstag on the second reading of the Act are simply inconsequential.

The German naval building programme was fixed in 1900, when the Reichstag struck out the six large cruisers demanded. Consequently another Bill was introduced in 1906 making good the former rejection, and it

is on these two Bills that the present German naval building programme is based and to which the new Act applies. By the Act of 1900 the strength of the navy in 1911 was fixed at thirty-eight battleships and fourteen large cruisers, and the Act of 1906 increased the number of cruisers to twenty. The programme provided for the annual laying-down of two battleships and one large cruiser until 1910, and one battleship and the last of the large cruisers in 1911—that is to say, the navy would have received an accretion of seven battleships in the period from the present year up to 1911 inclusive. In a Memorandum attached to the 1906 Act the increase of the displacement of battleships up to seventeen thousand, eighteen thousand, and even twenty thousand tons was announced as the result of the lessons of the Russo-Japanese war; so that by this it is seen that, even under the old programme, in 1911 Germany would have had on the stocks or afloat seven *Dreadnoughts*. A corresponding increase in the tonnage of large cruisers was also provided, to bring them up to modern requirements, which means to-day to put them on a footing with our *Invincible* class. The German Admiralty supports its demand for the reduction of the life of battleships by the plea that when ships of twenty-five years' commission are replaced they are in reality thirty years old, calculated from the payment of the first instalment on the ship to be replaced to the granting of the first instalment on the new vessel. By the new Act the German shipbuilding programme for the next four years will be:—

Year	Dreadnoughts.	Invincibles.	Increase on 1900-1906 Bills.
1908	3	1	1
1909	3	1	1
1910	3	1	1
1911	2	1	1
	—	—	—
	11	4	4

At the present moment the final touches are being put to the first German *Dreadnought*, the *Ersatz Bayern*, in preparation for her launching in the presence of the Emperor, Prince Henry of Prussia, and the Prince-Consort of the Netherlands on March 5; the *Ersatz Sachsen* is also getting ready to take the water, while two other *Dreadnoughts*, the *Ersatz Baden* and the *Ersatz Württemberg*, were laid down last year. Of these four, the first two have a tonnage of 17,960 and the latter 18,700, the second two are therefore to be larger than our own *Dreadnought*. With those monster ships, then, and those provided in the table above, Germany will in the year 1911, taking the accepted average of thirty-six months for the construction of a battleship, have afloat a magnificent fleet of seven brand-new *Dreadnoughts* and four *Invincibles*, while on the stocks or being completed afloat she will have no fewer than eight *Dreadnoughts* (or bigger vessels) and two *Invincibles*. These figures ought to suffice to bring home to British minds the astounding increase of the German fleet, but perhaps it will make a more direct appeal to the comprehension if it is pointed out that the new Navy Act brings Germany up to the level of the Cawdor Memorandum, which provided for the laying down of four battleships besides cruisers yearly. When a glance is given at the financial aspect the expansion of the German navy is shown in an even more lurid light. The estimated cost of the navy for the ten years from 1908 till 1917 amounts to 4,172,400,000 marks (£208,620,000) or 986,890,000 marks (£49,344,500) more than the expenditure reckoned on the basis of the 1906 programme. The vastness of this increase is explained by the steadily augmenting recurrent expenditure entailed by the tremendous changes wrought by the adoption of the *Dreadnought* type, notably the larger displacement, the

augmentation of crews, and the increase in artillery and armament. It is stated that the Government will subsidize several of the private yards so as to enable them to cope with the construction of the new leviathan battleships. As a matter of fact, it was announced last November that the most important dock-yards were making special arrangements for the building of this class, and with this object the Weser Company of Bremen have built a new yard at Gröpelling, the Vulcan of Stettin are constructing new works at the mouth of the Elbe, while Messrs. Blohm and Voss are able to take orders for nineteen thousand ton battleships in their Germania yard at Gaarden. The estimates of the Ministry of the Interior included a million sterling as this year's grant towards the deepening of the Kiel Canal, which in its present state is unable to take the new types of battleships and armored cruiser.

*The Outlook.*

For this tremendous undertaking, the completion of which will facilitate the transfer of the active fleet at any time from the Baltic to the North Sea, £11,150,000 will be required. The dimensions of the locks have to be increased; the whole canal widened and deepened; and it is estimated that the work will not be finished until 1915, by which time the new harbor at Wilhelmshaven ought also to be finished.

The vision of a mighty German fleet is no longer a day-dream; it is on the road to become a stern reality, a reality from which the world is only separated by a term of years. And in Germany, when ships are voted they are built. Cesare Balbo said that unimpaired sovereignty is to a nation what her character is to a woman. To Great Britain sovereignty means the command of the sea. She has yet time to save her character.

## STUDIES IN NATIONAL DEGENERATION.\*

The several aspects of study which the statistics deal with in this memoir are chiefly parental and fraternal heredity, the fertility of tuberculous stocks, and the distribution of pulmonary tuberculosis in tubercular families. Prof. Pearson's observations are admittedly, from a numerical standpoint, wholly insufficient, but if his deductions are thereby rendered inconclusive, he has pointed the way and laid the foundation for further study of an all-important subject.

Prof. Pearson discusses only pulmonary tuberculosis, that is, phthisis, or, as it is popularly termed, consumption; yet even with this limitation it is uncomfortable reading that about 10 per

cent. of the inhabitants of the British Isles are affected by pulmonary tuberculosis. Unfortunately, other organs besides the lungs become the seat of tuberculosis, and their disorganization is attended by as serious results as when the lungs alone are considered. It may be that tuberculosis of the lung is, from the point of possible national deterioration, not the most deadly form of the ailment. Tubercular diseases of the bones, of the joints, of the lymphatic system, and of several of the organs other than the lungs, prevail to an extent little appreciated as being of an equally deadly nature with the more evident lesions in the lungs. They all indicate a diathesis, and give rise to types of infirmities well known to medical men. These evils of tuberculosis, therefore, are much more widely spread than pulmonary tubercu-

\* *Drapers' Company Research Memoirs, II. A First study of the Statistics of Pulmonary Tuberculosis.* By Prof. Karl Pearson, F.R.S. Pp. 26. (London: Dulau and Co., 1907.) Price 2s.

losis or consumption would give us to understand, and being less manifest to the public scrutiny are more insidious and more apt to be neglected in the reckoning of tuberculous disease generally.

That heredity plays an important part in tuberculous disease is, in Prof. Pearson's opinion, undoubted. Recent beliefs point rather to infection as being the major element in rendering the disease so prevalent, and it is noteworthy that Prof. Pearson inclines to the older belief of heredity. He finds that tubercular lung trouble is chiefly prevalent amongst those who inherit a predisposition, that is, a phthisical or consumptive diathesis. It is impossible, however, owing to insufficient data, to assume that the tendency to any disease is inherited in the same sense as are physical and mental characteristics, but did inheritance not explain the matter it is difficult to understand how any one escapes the disease, seeing that, in urban districts especially, the tubercle germ is so prevalent that "few individuals who lead a moderately active life can escape an almost daily risk of infection."

Such being the case, the tubercle germ can thrive best in the suitable soil to be met with in lung tissues which are prepared by hereditary predisposition, or, in some cases, by what may be termed accidentally acquired predisposition in the lung tissues themselves, by previous local lesions. That the predisposition to the lung becoming the seat of tuberculosis disease is to be statistically ranged alongside well-established inherited characteristics, such as physical and mental traits are known to be, can only be proved by obtaining complete histories of multitudes of families and family stocks. This, however, is at present a long way off being established, and until this gap is filled any deductions we make at present can only be speculative for the most part.

The period of life during which tuberculosis is most likely to show itself in the lungs is between the ages of twenty and thirty. The mean age of onset in men is set down at the twenty-ninth year, and in women at the twenty-fifth year. The actual danger zone cannot, however, be said to be passed, until the fortieth year, or perhaps the forty-third year, is passed.

The observation that there is but an insignificant difference between the time of onset of the disease when some member of the household is the subject of tuberculosis and when no member is thus afflicted is rather against the infection theory pure and simple; for with the constant possibility of infection in the immediate environment, phthisis should, according to infection beliefs, appear at an earlier age than statistics seem to show.

After discussing the part played by parental and fraternal heredity, Prof. Pearson concludes that the tuberculous diathesis is inherited in the same way and with the same intensity as the physical characters are inherited in man.

Concerning the fertility of tuberculous stocks, Prof. Pearson shows that the pathological conditions do not tend to reduce fertility, but, on the other hand, that such stocks appear to be quite as fertile, and in all probability are more fertile, than normal stocks of the same class in the community at large. The fact, however, that tuberculosis is a disease of youth and early middle life distinctly lowers the marriage rate and limits the child-bearing period of such stocks, and thus reduces the total number of offspring born to tuberculous people; there can be no doubt that by the inbreeding of purely tuberculous persons the stock would become in time extinct.

The question of order of birth, that is, whether the child belongs to the early or late portion of a given tuberculous family, is of considerable inter-

est. Are the elder or the younger members of the family the more liable to develop tuberculosis and to possess a tuberculous diathesis? The children of old people, of, say, a man over sixty and a woman of forty-seven, are popularly believed to be handicapped in the struggle for life owing to inherited physical defects. There is no real evidence that this is the case, as many instances for and against the contention can be given. Whether the child of elderly parents is healthy or not depends not so much upon the age as upon the health of the parents; for a man with, say, Bright's disease—the prevalent ailment of men over sixty—will certainly not beget a healthy offspring. It would seem, however, from a general study of constitutional defects which are inherited, that the elder members of the family are more liable to suffer than the younger. In the case of tuberculous families, as well as with stocks giving no parental tuberculous history, the elder offspring, especially the first and second, appear subject to tuberculosis at a very much higher rate than the younger members.

This observation is of especial interest when the modern notion of the limitation of families is considered. There are few "younger members" to the small and limited families of to-day. The two or three children born to a couple of parents would represent the elder branches only of the "old-fashioned family" of a dozen of some fifty years ago. We have just seen that Prof. Pearson declares that the first and second child are endowed with all forms of pathological heritage, and if there are only two children in the family, the limited family of the present day is producing a community of persons highly endowed with a pathological heritage, uncorrected in its national deteriorating effect had there been later children of the marriage—that is, children less likely to have inherited in a

marked manner the pathological tissues or diathesis of their parents.

If we are to believe the above statement, and there is no evidence against its being logically acceptable, we are brought face to face with the question of the benefit or otherwise of the law of primogeniture which so largely obtains all the world over. From a racial standpoint the first and second children, as we have seen above, are the worst members of the family to beget a stock free from pathological taints; yet it is to the eldest son that the preservation of the family, and its possessions, its titles, or its wealth, is entrusted. To push this point to its seemingly logical conclusion, it would come about that the eldest son of one family marrying the eldest daughter of another family would in time lead to an effete progeny and the extinction of the power of rearing children. As a prophylactic agency in this scheme of pathologic inheritance, it would appear essential, to correct the deteriorating effects of intermarriage between elder members of different families, that the eldest child of one family should marry with a younger child of another family.

The limitation of families to one or two children is therefore a highly detrimental factor in national eugenics, for not only is there no allowance for what appears to be the inevitable waste attaching to child life, but the progeny, if thus produced only during the early years of married life, is calculated to add in time more affected individuals to the community, seeing it is the first born children especially that inherit family traits of physique and diathesis.

The predominance of race depends on the preservation of the mentally and physically fitter stocks. In the struggle for existence amongst primitive peoples this is "naturally" provided for by the exigencies of life, but amongst a highly civilized race, such as our own, the fitter stocks appear likely to be



weakened "by the lessened intensity of the intraracial struggle and the differential limitation of the family."

It is scarcely necessary to state that Prof. Pearson has handled this subject, as he handles all the problems he deals with, in a manner at once logical, unbiased and rigidly scientific. We are  
Nature.

willing to accept Prof. Pearson's conclusions from the basis he starts from; but until the basis is widened a hundred fold it would be rash to formulate definite and incontrovertible deductions in regard to the effects of the inheritance of any pathologic diathesis for any given ailment.

## THE OLYMPIC GAMES.

From all we hear, the Olympic Games, which are to be held in London next July, are being organized by the very kind of men on whom a sane choice would always fall. The games ought to be not only a memorable athletic gathering—perhaps the largest ever known—but an Imperial measure, so to speak, to be preserved for reference, of the ideals and accomplishments of amateur sport. Professionals have no part or lot in the matter, and we are glad of it; for though there are many good professionals, and to some sports they are indispensable, an institution like the Olympic Games is of value in proportion as it shows what modern man still thinks it worth while to do for the equivalent of the sprig of wild olive. The organizers of the Olympic Games in London are all unpaid, and any profits will go to meet the expenditure of the permanent British Olympic Council, which will arrange for sending British representatives to the Games in other countries in other years.

To many Londoners Olympia, we fear, means only Addison Road; and though we naturally acquit all our readers of thus limiting the word, it may well be that their scholarship falls short of discriminating between the rival (or are they complementary?) Olympic Games of to-day. Two phoenixes have arisen from the ashes; and many people are puzzled at the apparent reduction of an Olympiad to two

years, as there were Olympic Games at Athens in 1906, and every schoolboy knows that therefore they ought not to be due again till 1910. But those Olympic Games of 1906 were not the Simon Pure; they belonged to the other cycle. We cannot do better than follow the clear explanation of the matter given in *Baily's Magazine* by one of the organizers of the coming games in London, Mr. T. A. Cook. The resurrection of the Olympic Games took place at Athens in 1896, and the first Olympiad (new classical style) therefore ended in 1900, when the Games were duly held in Paris, and the second Olympiad in 1904, when the Games were duly held at St. Louis, and the third, we hope, will duly end this year when the Games will be held in London. But what of the Games in 1906 at Athens? What were they doing in that galley? The explanation is that the Athenians, although they had the first meeting of the modern Olympic Games in their city, thought that "Olympic Games" was a title to be permanently kept in Greece, and not allowed to stray about the world, only returning occasionally to the land of its origin. Besides, a munificent Greek had given them a splendid stadium which cried out to be put to a regular use. They therefore started "The Olympic Games of Athens," and, according to the quadrennial cycle, the Games which began in 1906 will recur

in 1910, 1914, and so on, but always in Athens. And now to return to the official Olympic Games, which were recreated by a Frenchman, M. Pierre de Coubertin. As the Altis of Elis is in ruins, they were held in the specially built but now permanent stadium at Athens. France undertook the second Olympic meeting, the United States the third, and Italy the fourth. But Italy has failed for some reason; Great Britain assumes her task, and Shepherd's Bush takes the place of Rome. The British Olympic Council was already in existence when Italy transferred her responsibility, and it was easily expanded into the larger Council which is at work to-day, and of which Lord Desborough is the chairman. It might conceivably have happened that the prejudice of a few persons might have declared the Olympic Games theatrical or absurd, and the management of them would have fallen at once into the hands of *impresarios* and touts. It is fortunate that another opinion was formed of them, and the relations which the Council maintain with the right people throughout Great Britain secure that the games shall be all that is high-principled, honest and sportsmanlike.

The stadium at Shepherd's Bush will hold sixty thousand or seventy thousand spectators, and by a happy coincidence this huge and expensive building was made possible by co-operation with the Franco-British Exhibition which will be on the same ground. If Shepherd's Bush supplies only a distant suggestion of the Sacred Grove of Elis, and the statuette of Pallas Athene, presented as a trophy by M. Eugène Brunetta d'Usseaux, is not exactly comparable with the Hermes of Praxiteles or the Olympian Zeus of Phidias which decorated the original Olympia, we can still flatter ourselves upon drawing together more nationalities (more than twenty will be repre-

sented) than ever met at Elis. We must try to think that the swimming-tank in the stadium is the Alpheus, and console ourselves, for the rest, with the reflection that the Discobolos of Myron was probably less of an athlete than Mr. C. B. Fry. Of course, not all the events can take place at Shepherd's Bush. For instance, the regatta will be at Henley over a course nearly two miles long, and the ordinary Henley Regatta will yield its place for once as the best regatta in the world. Much attention has already been drawn to the regatta because it was said that the exclusion of foreign entries at the ordinary regatta this year was designed specially to prevent the Belgians from again winning the Grand Challenge Cup. Really, exclusion was decided upon for the simple and sufficient reason that an international contest early in July would have utterly ruined the interest of the Olympic Regatta later in the same month. The outcry against British "injustice" had a humorous ending when the chief members of the Belgian crew declared that they would never have thought of rowing at the ordinary regatta as (like the good sportsmen they are) they aim at the higher game of the Olympic Regatta and would not care to exhaust themselves beforehand. Other sports that will be held elsewhere are shooting and polo, and yachting and motor races. And the "Marathon" race will only have its finish in the Stadium; it will start at Windsor, and the course will be through Harrow, Sudbury, and Wormwood Scrubbs.

Already the British Council have been complimented by the acceptance of their medals as the permanent form for medals for the Olympic Games in all countries; but perhaps the highest compliment of all is the universal acceptance of British judges throughout the whole programme for this year. That is a singularly valuable certificate of

judicial qualities. It is quite certain that the standard of performance will be high, for in more than twenty countries a process of elimination is now going on by which the true champions will be chosen. For the purposes of the games, England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland will count as one country. But even so, shall we make more points than any other country? Will the names of our *Olympionikoi* fill the pages of some modern Pindar? We scarcely expect so. We may be the depositaries of all sporting truth, but our disciples in other lands are already our

The Spectator.

equals on many points of practice. But let that pass; in our old age we can support our dignity by a reputation for Solonic wisdom, and that ought to be procured for us by the international code of rules for every sport which has been drawn up by the British Council, has been translated into three languages, and has been accepted by all countries. That achievement is "significant of much." The Olympic Games of 1908 will not be a concession to mischievous spectacularism, but will make a permanent contribution to "the law and the prophets" of sport.

### AN OPEN-MINDED BEGGAR.

Reader, tell me, if you know,  
What, on earth, is Socialism.  
Is it—men have told me so—  
Some preposterous abysm,  
Into which we all may drop—  
With the criminals on top?

Is the vehement *Express*  
Justified in all it mentions;  
And are *Wells* and G. B. S.  
Worse than *Sikes* in their intentions?  
Do those Fabian beasts of prey  
Wish to take my wife away?

Or—observe that I am quite  
Open-minded, gentle reader—  
Are they sometimes nearly right  
In the shocking *Labor Leader*?  
Will the coming commune be  
Paradise for you and me?

Do you think it can be true  
That the death of competition  
Guarantees for me and you  
Sinless Edens—new edition?  
Or was *Stuart Mill* correct—  
Will there be some grave defect?

Shall we all be servile wrecks  
With the brand of *Marx* imprinted  
On our miserable necks.

As *The Referee* has hinted?  
Or—see *Justice*—shall we share  
Perfect freedom with the air?

Will that entity, the State  
Of Collectivist Utopia,  
Actually operate  
Something like a cornucopia?  
Or will *Hardie's* fatted friends  
Leave me only odds and ends?

In this monster maze of doubt  
I am groping like a blind man.  
Shall I boldly blossom out  
As a follower of *Hyndman*?  
Or continue to exist  
As an Individualist?

So, dear reader, will you, please,  
Tell a poor, distracted Briton  
Whom, in troubled times like these,  
He should put his little bit on?  
And, philosopher and guide,  
Do pick out the winning side!

Punch.

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Those who would read the chronicle of half a century of scandal and gossip in court and town, may find it in "The Story of a Beautiful Duchess," by Mr. Horace Bleackley, a biography of Elizabeth Gunning. The story of this lady and that of her elder sister Maria, Lady Coventry, have been sketched and summarized so many times, and the references to the Duchess are so frequent in eighteenth century memoirs that most readers will be surprised by Mr. Bleackley's statement that the memoir of the Duchess of Hamilton and Argyll has never been written. There will be little need to write it again, for Mr. Bleackley has swung his net wide and has captured all the gossip of the enormous family connection of the Hamiltons and Campbells and not a little from the scantier record of the Gunnings. Still the volume is better as a

work of reference than for reading for Mr. Bleackley has chosen to adopt an involved and wearisome style, and to repeat certain phrases until their approach foreseen from afar becomes extremely irritating. Two portraits of the Duchess of Hamilton, one by Gaven Hamilton, and one by Reynolds; two of the Duchess of Argyll by Francis Cotes and one from a Findlayson mezzotint; Gavin Hamilton's portrait of the Countess of Coventry, and a Dickenson mezzotint after the Reynolds portrait of Elizabeth, Countess of Derby, illustrate the volume, which has a cover illuminated in the revived elaborate style of the eighteenth century. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Vasari's biographies, the foundation of all later "Lives" of the artists of whom he wrote, are so well known that

it seems strange that his "Introduction" was not translated long ago, but the work has just been accomplished by Miss Louisa S. Maclehose, and is now published in a beautiful volume with many illustrations. The editor, Prof. G. Baldwin Brown, has so numbered the chapters that reference is easy to either of the two editions published in Vasari's lifetime, or to more modern issues, and he has also broken up the text into numbered sections each with its heading, and he has given the book an introductory essay of some twenty pages, discussing and explaining Vasari's work and comparing it with earlier treatises, and showing its value to the modern student. The Introduction is really three-fold, discussing architecture, sculpture, and painting, not in the abstract, but in actual execution, as one might suppose from the title, "Vasari on Technique." Such a work would be uninteresting to the general reader were it not for the frequent interpolations, describing masterpieces illustrative of principles; buildings in which certain materials are used; monuments, statues, and paintings, showing this or that method or process, so that the book is both a catalogue and a memorial of the art of the author's day. It is well indexed and will be found very useful, to say nothing of presenting Vasari in a new light. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Between the socialism that murders the husband in the presence of his wife, and the son before his mother's face, and the more insidious socialism which asserts itself as interpreting the Gospel and improving upon its modest ideals, the mere honest, pious man finds himself so browbeaten and puzzled that he hardly knows whether or not he is a vile oppressor of the poor when he uses a steel pin or eats a sugar-plum, and hesitates to deny that he is worse than an infidel, inasmuch as he owns

a savings-bank book. Even those who esteem themselves as somewhat his intellectual superiors buy hundreds of thousands of books setting forth the blissful conditions prevailing under governmental schemes modelled after perpetual motion machines, and in lands peopled by employers paying for the privilege of waiting upon their servants, and meanwhile the socialist waxes fat and kicks every one who will stand still long enough to permit him to do so without extraordinary exertion. With matters in this condition, the appearance of such a mass of lucid, cool, common-sense as constitutes Mr. W. H. Mallock's "A Critical Examination of Socialism" is encouraging and inspiring. It contains the substance of the author's addresses and speeches delivered in this country in 1906, with some additions which it would have been imprudent to utter in spoken words. To quote any of them singly is to run the risk of leading to such misunderstanding as the spoken speeches encountered, but it is the duty of a man living in the land with socialists to read the book. Harper & Brothers.

The title of "With the Border Ruffians" prepares one for a severe shock, if one's opinions have been formed or even influenced by anti-slavery memoirs and novels, John Brown eulogies and biographies of "Real Uncle Toms," but the shock does not come. The editor compiled the story written in its pages from the conversation, notes and diaries of his kinsman, R. H. Williams, sometime lieutenant in the Kansas Rangers, and later, captain in the Texas Rangers and from such a source a person prepared as aforesaid expects something highly exciting. Alack, after Bret Harte and Mr. Owen Wister, and the intervening series of revolver romances, the simpler truths of every day life in "bleeding Kansas" count for little, and Colonel Williams has not the



art of preserving the perspective of important events, such as the sack of Lawrence. One gives him the tribute of unquestioning belief, but finds him rather dull. His experience in Texas as ranchman and as ranger, in the Confederate service, and, after the surrender, with Custer, is much better related, and, the ground being comparatively untrodden, the last two-thirds of the book are much more interesting than the first third. Indeed as a picture of Texan development, and of West Texan life during the existence of the Confederacy this part of the work is invaluable.

Col. Williams' sympathy from first to last was with the South, and his frank admission of the state of mind produced in Texas by the absence of real government, is worth far more as evidence than pages of declamation. The plain truth seems to be that if two men were out of sight for a brief space, and only one returned, the immediate inference was that he had shot the other. Enthusiastic praise of Federal clemency to the South testifies to the author's sense of justice, and his tribute to Custer, whose friend he became while he was in command in Texas, will be all the more enjoyed by those who yet mourn that gallant soldier, because the Englishman forgets his name and calls him only "the General." E. P. Dutton & Co.

The season of 1907-8 has been prolific in Venetian books, but none has shown as much confidence in popular interest in the subject as Mr. Horatio Brown's "Studies in Venetian History." Others have plumed themselves in beautiful array of pictures and covers; others have been gay little volumes of pleasant nothings. He presents two great volumes with never a picture, not even a frontispiece, and he is quite right. Words suffice him to make pictures, and he has found some new sto-

ries and new knowledge since ten of the essays appeared years ago as "Venetian Studies." Now he has retold the story of the Spanish Conspiracy; he has found new matter relating to the foundation of Rialto; he has discovered the Venetian Index, and seven of the essays are based on newly discovered matter. Little do those who read for light amusement care for all this, but when they know that the essence of a whole library of cloak and sword novels lies in the two volumes with St. Mark's lion bristling on the cover, what then? Will they not take up the feather-light volumes printed in England and at least glance over their pages? Whatever they may do there is no doubt as to the conduct of the Venice-lover or of the reader who loves good history showing him the causes of movements, the strange directions taken by the current of events. Here are "Shakespeare and Venice" for the library; "A Venetian Printer Publisher in the Sixteenth Century," for the lover of books and of good craftsmen; "Paolo Sarpi," for the rebellious and those who have a taste for pretty fighting, and "Cromwell and the Venetian Republic" for those who still sorrow for the murdered Stuart, and would have a new view of him. Is not that a rare group? And being arranged chronologically the papers show the author's view of the causes which slowly brought Venice down from her height of pride, and give the reader the connecting points whereto he may attach the threads of other authors' work as he re-creates his own imaginative view of Venetian history, and it is to this that Mr. Brown will lead a large number of readers. So many of his relations are novel; so often is his method novel, that he compels thought, and even his first essay suggests reconstruction of one's ideal Venice. Good history is rare; here are twenty generous fragments. E. P. Dutton & Co.